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Zion's Herald.

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TELESCOPIC.

The world anxiously waits for information from
Stanley. The *New York Herald* expresses con-
fidence in the ability of the brave explorer to
sustain himself in all extremities. He has
triumphed over great difficulties encountered on
the "Dark Continent" heretofore, and the
impression prevails that he will yet repeat
his triumphs.

The electors chosen last week in Mexico are
nearly all in favor of the election of President
Diaz. In spite of his solemn declarations
against re-election, he will doubtless grace-
fully yield to the pressure to serve another
term.

It may seem a little thing to those who remain
at home, but not to the traveler in England,
that the London and Manchester Railway has
decided to institute the system of checking
baggage. The reason given for the radical
change in that land of rigid conservatism
illustrates well the potent influence of
American customs upon England. The
corporation states that the move is made
"in deference to the prejudices of its American
customers."

The 4th of July had fitting and appreciative
recognition in London. The stars and stripes
were flying from the Grand, Victoria, Metro-
pole and Langham hotels from sunrise; also
from the United States Legation, the new
American Colonial Exchange, which Manager
Glanville had covered with bunting, Charles
Gillig's, and other places. Mrs. Phelps, the
wife of the American Minister, gave an "at
home" at her residence in Lowndes Square.
The rooms were superbly decorated with
ferns and flowers. Portraits of Washington
and Cleveland, draped with the stars and
stripes, hung on the walls. About six hun-
dred visitors were present.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council opened July 4,
in London, Lord Cairns presiding. Mr. Mat-
thews of Quebec presented a statistical report,
showing that there were 4,000,000 commu-
nists, equivalent to 20,000,000 adherents. He
said that education was much looked after, as
the principles they held did not commend
themselves to persons without education.
Respecting missions, 60,000 communicants
had been gathered into the Presbyterian
Church from heathenism, and over 500 minis-
ters had been sent to preach the Gospel to the
heathen.

§ Bismarck, with the confident sympathy and sup-
port of the young Emperor, seems to be exer-
cising his most cunning diplomacy in the
effort to form a strong alliance with Russia.
William II. is on his way to make the Czar a
visit at St. Petersburg, and this is a part
of the programme of the wily diplomat to accom-
plish his purpose. It will be remembered
that Bismarck succeeded in forming a strong
compact, on the part of Germany, with
Austria and Italy. If now an alliance is made
between Germany and Russia, as is intended
and is most probable, then France is isolated
among the nations and becomes helpless and
powerless to avenge the past.

The eyes of the whole religious world are con-
centrated upon Japan as the probable fulfill-
ment of the prophecy that a nation shall be
born into the kingdom of Christ in a day.
The Bible, entire, is now published in the
native tongue. The ablest men of the empire
and nearest the government are seriously con-
sidering the question of making Christianity
the official religion. The purpose, however,
will hardly justify the move. The Interior
Ministry has stated the situation:—

"The progressives who are urging this
action are far from being Christians them-
selves; they take pride in their learning and
hold that a religious faith is a sign of intel-
lectual weakness. But, looking down at the
hordes of ignorant people and seeing how
hopeless is their condition in paganism, they
propose a formal and official adoption of
Christian standards and symbols, in order to
hasten civilization and establish a system of
morals among the unprogressive and loose-
living population of the realm. The political
philosophers see that the common people have
ceased to respect the images of wood and
stone, have thrown faith to the winds, have
freed themselves from all sense of the restraint
imposed by a blind superstition; and a
new restraint, coupled with a new faith, is
needed to maintain social order and compel
unity of effort for the good of the whole
State."

The World's Missionary Conference held in
London, June 9-19, exceeded in attendance,
able addresses and enthusiasm, the most
sanguine anticipations. It was thought that
hundreds of societies might send representatives.
One hundred and twenty-six societies, how-
ever, sent delegates. There were 1,000 dele-
gates in attendance [from the 52 foreign mis-
sionary societies of Great Britain and Ireland,
150 from the 51 societies in the United States,
27 from the 6 societies in Canada, and 22 from

the 13 societies of Europe. It is said that the
American delegates won the laurels for able
and eloquent speech. The contrast between
the beginning and close of "The Century of
Missions" is most striking and encourag-
ing:—

"One hundred years ago the world was
rated at 731,000,000 of whom 174,000,000
were Christians; now the population is al-
most doubled and the Christians trebled. One
hundred years ago the church was asleep on
mission-work, and the governments and
nations opposed missions; now, with little
exception, all welcome them. One hundred
years ago English-speaking people had not
one mission society; now they have 150
reported. One hundred years ago educated
men could not be induced to become mis-
sionaries, the work was too forbidding; now
we have 7,000 missionaries, nearly one-third
of whom are women; also 35,000 native agents,
3,000 of whom are ordained ministers. One
hundred years ago there were not 300 Bible
copies among the heathen; now there are 3,000,
000. One hundred years ago it was thought
vain to hope for conversion from Mohammedanism
now, in many parts, as Lahore, India, most of
the leading Christian pastors are converted
Mohammedans. Within the past two years
more than 2,000 young men have gone from
the United States and Canada, and are labor-
ing with success. The Moravians of Ger-
many have done good work, but to the Anglo-
Saxon race, both sides of the Atlantic, are
committed the oracles of God."

PARAGRAPHS FOR PREACHERS.

Rev. Robert Collyer, in the *New York Mail
and Express*, has a suggestive bit of expe-
rience:—

It has fallen out often, indeed, that professors
of eloquence and oratory have come along and
wanted to teach me their art, but I lacked three things—the
time to learn, the money to pay them, and the desire
to take lessons—or else I suppose I might have been
able to answer the question now to some purpose,
how to be an orator. All I know now I will tell,
apart from the slightest claim to such a distinction.
What I may have to say I try to say in the simplest
words I can find, and in happy moments I seem to
find these by instinct. Then, I never make up my
mind how I will say them; I leave all this to some
swift intuition of the instant, and the holy spirit of
the truth, and know beforehand that if the thing is
well worth saying, and I can forget Collyer, it will
all right when I am through.

"A Farmer's Idea of Preaching"—city
preaching—is told in verse in the *Omaha
World*:—

Well, wife, town sermons, seems to me,
Are like the riddle played three times—
They're easy, pretty kind o' things,
But don't you get me wrong,
They take ye over lots o' ground,
An' science styles is such,
Both in the sermon an' the plough,
That one don't feel it much.

To-day our preacher skinned along,
An' 'peared to do a heap.
An' we kivered' of the weeds
He oughter ploughed in deep;
An' when he halted at the end,
An' got his team unseated,
The devil lifted to see the tares
A growin', I'm afeared.

This scientific ploughin', now,
An' science preachin', too,
Both run too shallow for the work
The point has got to do,
You've got to let the traces out,
An' change the clevis pin,
Then hit the handles, hold 'em tight,
An' let the point go in.

Dr. Nathan E. Wood, in a recent number of
the *Homiletic Review*, gives some excellent
advice about how to use books:—

Books are too frequently the crutches on which
the enfeebled and enervated intellect hobbles to its daily
task. If books have come to think for the minister
and have not aroused him to vigorous, independent
thinking on his own account, they have failed in their
chief value. If they have made him simply a stuffed
owl with all the gravity of apparent wisdom, and not
a flashing Damascus blade which cuts and cuts and
cuts until the heart of truth is laid bare, then 'dye is
de, and may his books perish with him! Who
ever wonder why Paul in his Epistle to the Romans
did not quote from Aristotle's "Logic," or in his
Epistle to the Corinthians did not quote from Plato's
"Phaedo"? He was not unfamiliar with them, but
what had read he had assimilated, and the master-
piece, the strength, the eloquence of the argument
were all his own. Read, read, but stop whenever
there are any signs of mental indigestion. Read
incessantly, but think three times as incessantly as
you read. . . . The ministry of to-day, more than
the ministry of any other time in the history of the church,
needs the humanizing influences of the very best of
general literature upon its own thinking and life.
We seriously doubt whether the prolonged study of
the technical questions connected with professional
theology, or with the so-called critical thought of our
time, will make men as able ministers of Jesus Christ
as will studies in some other directions. We do not
say this simply because the times are impatient with
the spirit and forms of dogmatic theology. The
minister must have a theology, but it is doubted if
he must have also a stock of hypocritical thoughts.
The danger of dogmatic theology as well as of
theology is that it will force a strong, ribbed armor
of steel in which the living man will encase himself,
so that he cannot go out to others nor come in to him.
The minister of the Gospel must always wear
his heart upon his sleeve where any man can touch it.
He must be intensely human in his sympathies. He
must be every inch of him a man, and however great
his professional learning, it does not free him from the
necessity of observing the common courtesies, the
common courtesies, the common courtesies of life.

Archdeacon Farrar, in the *Fortnightly Re-
view*, dealing with social problems and reme-
dies, tells what is imperatively wanted to-
day:—

We want a new order of clergy, who, bound by
vows, not living, but temporary and revocable, will
make their home among the poor, sharing their bur-
dens, costing nothing; living simply on their own
small means and the voluntary offerings of those to
whom they minister; working among the most
wretched with brotherliness and sympathy; becoming
their guides and counselors by proving themselves
their benefactors and friends. With this we want
an army of laymen, who, like the Franciscan friars,
but with more diffusive and more instructed energy,
will deliberately devote their lives to the improve-
ment of the world.

Dr. G. W. Hughey's "Letters to Young
Preachers," in the *Central*, contained some
valuable advice. We clip a paragraph:—

You must remember, my brother, that no thor-
oughly converted soul ever goes to heaven alone.

How much good you may do by securing the conver-
sion of one soul, eternally alone can tell. When you
get a soul converted, you cannot tell what a spiritual
force you set in motion. The humble Sunday school
teacher who took the little ragged, barefooted boy off
the streets of London, and patiently looked after him
and led him to the Lord Jesus, did not know that she
was training one of the mightiest missionaries of mod-
ern times. I remember once I was conducting a pro-
tracted meeting in the city of Cairo, Ill., while pastor
there, during the war. The result of the meeting was
far from satisfactory to me at the time. But few were
converted, but among that few was a modest, diffident
young soldier, who became one of the most successful
preachers in the Southern Illinois Conference in win-
ning souls to Christ, who after a ministry of perhaps
twenty years, bringing hundreds if not thousands of
Christ, a few weeks ago fell at Baulah, Kansas, and
went home to glory. Now, I regard that as one of
my most successful meetings. Influences were set
in motion there that will live on, blessing the world
till time shall end. You can never measure your suc-
cess at the time, therefore, "Sow in the morning thy
seed; in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou
knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or
whether they shall be both alike good."

SOCIETY AND SOCIETY WOMEN.

A New Definition.

BY FRANCES H. WILLARD.

SOME years ago when I was visiting Con-
stantinople, Rev. Dr. Albert D. Long,
now a professor in Roberts College there, told
me of the theological argument he once had
with a Bishop of the Greek Church. After
long controversy upon the articles of faith,
the American introduced the argument *ad hominem*,
and as the Bishop was notoriously disreputable,
an allusion to the works by which
faith is made perfect, angered him greatly,
and he flung down a parchment on the table,
saying with clenched fist, "That, sir, is my
creed. You have to do with that alone. It
has no flaw from first to last. With my life
you have nothing to do whatever."

But the new age persistently insists on the
proving of faith by works. Perhaps no other
has compared with it in this respect. We are
even beginning to see religion where once it
seemed to be ruled out. For instance, I can
remember when the temperance reform was
counted secular. Ministers were debarred
from its platform, and women had no share
whatever. But now temperance has been
baptized at our altars and admitted to our
church. Once I thought that voting was al-
together secular; now I perceive it to be an
act of religion or irreligion, according to the
purpose of him who casts the ballot. Once I
thought politics secular, but now perceive
that the new theocracy must enter at the por-
tals, and Christ must dwell in government, or
not, according to our political decisions.
These lines of thought were perhaps impossi-
ble outside this age, which has shown us, as
no other could, the correlations of force. We
are practical students and our observation is
full of the fact that water turns to steam, and
heat to light, and electricity to sound. We
know that force is but a mode of motion, and
it begins to dawn upon us that progress is but
a mode of Christ. Only dull souls believe the
world grows worse. The more we know of
it the more we know that it is growing better
at incalculable speed. Wherever Christianity
goes—and its white wings have in our day
flown even to the sources of the Nile and land
of the Midnight Sun, to the Indian's "teepee,"
and the Mormon's harem—there go the truth
and light and life of God. A missionary to
China told me the Americans and English
were so trusted by that lying nation that they
could buy without a purse in that Celestial
Empire, their verbal promise to pay being
enough; and I found the same in lying Italy,
goals being thrust upon us without money or
price, only our visiting card with its address
being desired; indeed, we had to urge that
sometimes, the Italians saying the equivalent
of, "All right, lady, you'll come back and pay
me—I'm not afraid."

There is in all Christian countries an amount
of confidence that predicts the coming day
when all men shall be less afraid of being
cheated than that they themselves might cheat.
The "confidence games" of large cities, but
show the counterfeit that proves how current
is the golden coin of faith. As I fly along in
the swift train and we plunge into the dark-
ness, every revolution of the wheels and throb
of the engine's mighty heart seem to say,
"Good faith, good faith!" And we know
that for every million persons carried, only
forty-one are in anywise harmed in this coun-
try of cross-roads, and in England with her
greater care, only ten in every million. So
that, notwithstanding an occasional and fright-
ful disaster, it is positively safer to travel
than to stay at home. What an incalculable
number of "dependable" men this fact in-
volves, and how it illustrates on a splendid
scale the emergence of the human race out of
chaos into order; out of lying into truth; out
of faithlessness into faith. Even as we thus
move on in these every-day affairs, all of
which pertain to that "common religion"
which involves the reign of righteousness
upon the dusty highways of our common life,
so I have thought we are moving onward in
the social world. There is less etiquette and
more reality; less veneering and more real-
grain of the wood. Once the business of well-
to-do women was society. What did that
mean? That the be-all and end-all was to dress
in fashion, dance a minuet with stateliness,
preside at a dinner of several hours' duration
with mastery, and so on. Now, to be sure,
there are large circles of women to whom the
decolleté dress, whirling waltz, progressive
euchre party and box at the theatre are the
world's chief charm. But the spell of this sort
of life is broken. The special enclosure known
as "society" grows smaller and less fascinat-
ing to the great, many-sided world of women.
Christianity is emancipating us, and showing
us so many other things to do. Women more
gifted, cultured and rich than those who give
themselves wholly to society devote them-
selves nowa-days to things they find so much

more worthy of them, that "society women"
have become a subdivision, quite clearly
marked, of the real womanhood that has a
broad, free life and outlook on the world.
Just as in the early days, one who did not take
wine was almost ostracized, but is now re-
spectfully regarded and even praised, so "not
to be in society" is no longer a mark of singu-
larity, but a "differentiation from the type"
that is clearly recognized and held in high es-
teem. Perhaps "society" itself will pass
away. Who knows? One feels like saying
this below one's breath, and yet, who knows?
There are so many better things to do than to
sit for two hours as devotees around the
stomachic altar of a dinner table, or to spin in
a waltz, taking attitudes elsewhere indecent
or intolerable. But society dissected down to
the marrow, yields but these two spectacles,
and these two will pass away. Banish wine
from the dinner, dancing from the "evening
entertainment," and "society," with its bare
arms and exposed busts, its late hours and in-
digestions, would collapse. Nothing is surer
than that wine is to be banished, and that with
the growing uplift and dignity of womanhood,
dancing, and the outrageous mode of dress
that goes along with it, will one day be held
as a mere relic of barbarism. That was a
prophetic innovation at the White House when
our gracious Mrs. Hayes replaced the dinner
with its wine-glasses by the stately and elan-
gent reception. Perhaps while men rule the
State, in their government "of the minority,
by the minority, for the minority," its highest
expression will still be the dinner-table with
its clinking glasses and plenty of tobacco-
smoke afterward, but when men and women
both come into the kingdom for the glad news
that hasten to be here, the gustatory
nerve will be de-throned once and for evermore.
For there are so many more worthy and de-
lightful ways of investing (not "spending")
one's time; "there are so many better things
to do."

The blossoming of women into deeds of
philanthropy gives us a hint of the true
forms of society that are to come. Emerson
said, "We descend to meet," because he
claims that we are on a higher plane when
alone with God and nature. But this need
not be so. Doubtless in the outworn and
stereotyped forms of society where material
pleasures still hold sway, we do "descend to
meet," but when a philanthropic purpose de-
termines our companionships and leads to our
conventions, then we climb together into
purer and more vital air. The "coming
women"—nay, the women who have come,
have learned the loveliest meanings of the
word "society." Indeed, some of us like to
call it "comradeship" instead, this inter-
change of highest thought and tenderest as-
piration in which the sense of selfhood is
diminished and the sense of otherhood in-
creased. We make no "formal calls," but the
informal ones are a hundred-fold more pleas-
ant. If a new woman's face appear in church
we wonder if she won't "come with us" in
the W. H. M. S., the W. F. M. S., the W. C.
T. U., or some other dear "ring around a
rosy" circle, formed "for others' sake." If
new children sit beside her in the church pew,
we plan to win them for our Band of Hope or
other philanthropic guild where they will
learn to find "society" in nobler forms than
this poor world has ever known before.
The emptiness of conventional forms of
speech and action is never so patent as when
contrasted with the "fulness of life" that
crowns those hearts banded together to bring
the day when all men's weal shall be each
man's care. Wordsworth writes wearily of
"The greetings where no kindness is,
And all the dreary intercourse of daily life."
Emerson says:—

"Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home."
"Good-bye, to Plutarch's fawning face,
To Grandeur with her proud grimace,
To upstart Wealth's avowed eye,
To supple office low and high."
Indeed, the choicest nations, could their roll
be called, have shunned "society" because,
though it fed them on the most succulent
viands of the real, it was too gross and glar-
ing for the ideal which was above all things
else dear to them. But one came in Judea,
who, while "His soul was like a star and
dwelt apart," had in His breast God's purpose
for the new life, the holier brotherhood; and
in Christ we have shown forth the only true
form of "society," viz., the fellowship of
doing good. All other forms will fall away,
because all others are built upon false prin-
ciples.

The time is not distant when a young woman
an "coming out" will not be accompanied by
such a description of her personal appearance
as a skilled groom might give of "Maud S." and
when her *debut* will be made into philan-
thropic circles, not into the envious and
heartless atmosphere of ball-rooms. The
time is coming when "receptions" will bring
the rich and poor side by side, and no draw-
ing-room will be too fine for the honest work-
ing man and his family to enter, that they
may greet the princely friends who have
loved them and sought for them that justice
which is the highest form of philanthropic
endeavor. The time is coming when the vul-
garity of using stimulants, gambling in
circles of "progressive euchre," waiting in
the arms of men, disrobing in public that one
may be "in style," wearing high heels and
cables' humps, describing the wardrobes of
ladies, and enumerating the dishes of their
table in the public prints, will be counted as
the almost unbelievable phenomena and the
last fevered gasp of the glided age now
hastening to be gone. And I am frank to ac-
knowledge that beyond all the blessed help
that is coming through woman's work to the
heaven across the sea, and the African, In-
dian, Chinese and Mormon on this side; even
beyond the overthrow of alcohol's dominion,
so fiendish and so lowly, do I believe will be
the blessings of this new world for women
which shall lead to the millennial glory of
Christ's prophecy fulfilled, "Behold, I make
all things new."

Go on, ye brave and gentle hearts that
work in the philanthropies which foreshadow
an age of universal reason, love and worship,
where Christ Himself shall rule. You are
building better than you know. Every mis-
sionary doctor or teacher you send out; every
kindergarten or day nursery that you estab-
lish; every industrial school or home you
found; every hospital, refuge or sheltering
arms; every reading-room, lodging-room,
lodging-house or friendly inn, helps to tear
down the hideous fabric of conventional "so-
ciety," and to build upon its ruins the Chris-
tian guild, where all shall find themselves at
home, and whose one rule of etiquette shall
be the Golden Rule.

THE METHODIST WORLD.

Abroad.

England.—The centenary of the opening of
Wesley Chapel, Whitby, was celebrated with much
enthusiasm. John Wesley's first visit to Whitby was
in 1761, and in 1788 he opened the chapel in Church
Street, then and for a long time after called the "new
house." There is a proposal that the centenary of
Charles Wesley's death, which recently passed almost
unnoticed, should be celebrated by the erection of a
Methodist Tabernacle with the money derivable from
the sale of the mission premises in Bishopsgate. At
the recent annual assembly of the Independent
Methodist Churches in Bolton, there were ninety re-
presentatives present. It was stated that there were
now in the connection 96 chapels, 33 other preaching
places, 5,811 members, 322 ministers, 2,173 teachers,
19,130 scholars. The increase in membership was
245.

Ireland.—The 119th Conference of the Meth-
odist Church in Ireland opened in the Centenary
Chapel, Dublin. Rev. John Walton, president of the
British Conference, presided. Ten ministers have
died during the year. Ten very promising candidates
have been received on trial. Rev. John W. Jones has
been appointed to visit the United States and the col-
onies in the interest of Wesley College, Dublin, as a
heavy debt is resting on it.

India.—A colporteur attached to the Methodist
Episcopal Church in Bombay is selling copies of the
Gospel at the rate of 75 per cent. In four months
there have been sold 1,200 Marathi, Gujarati, and
Hindustani Gospels, and 4,200 tracts, besides which
3,000 tracts have been carefully distributed gratui-
tously.—Rev. J. P. Meik has issued a Bengali
Methodist hymnal, containing translations of 171 popu-
lar English hymns. A large proportion of these are
the work of the Wesleyan missionaries, Revs. Prem
Chand Nath and N. C. Biswas.

Australasia.—On leaving Wellington, Rev.
L. M. Lait, the Wesleyan minister there, was presented
with a purse of sovereigns by the premier of the col-
ony, who was supported by the governor of New Zealand.
Mr. Lait has been appointed assistant editor of the
New Zealand Methodist.

Canada.—Two corner-stones were laid for the
new Richmond Church in McMillan and College Streets,
Toronto, June 16, by the Hon. John Macdonald, sen-
ator, and William Goodeshead, esq. General Super-
intendent of Indian Affairs and other ministers took part in
the interesting service.—Rev. C. Johnston, of John's
Church, Hamilton, has resigned his connection with
the Methodist Church. He is a popular minister, and
his resignation is much regretted.—Rev. Dr. Staf-
ford was elected president of Toronto Conference. He
has been twenty-eight years in the ministry, and has
already been president of Montreal and Manitoba
Conferences one year each. He is one of the foremost
ministers in Canada.—Revs. Dr. Potts and C. Fish
are spending the summer in England.—Rev. T.
Griffith, P. D., was readmitted into the Toronto Con-
ference at its late session, from which he withdrew
two years ago. Rev. D. V. Lucas, M. A., who has
been spending more than two years in the southern
world in the interests of temperance, has returned to
Canada, and will again resume his labors in the tem-
perance cause.—The 60th anniversary of the Port-
land (N. S.) Methodist Sunday-school was celebrated
on the first Sunday in June, when an appropriate ser-
mon was preached by Rev. E. Evans.—There has
been a grand revival at St. Thomas under Rev.
Messrs. Crossley and Hunter. Several hundreds of
conversions have been reported. During one Sabbath
eight hundred persons partook of the sacrament of the
Lord's Supper.—The Ladies' College at Hamilton
the pioneer ladies' college in Canada—has had a
successful year. Five young ladies received the de-
gree of M. L. A. Two received that of M. E. L., and
diplomas in art were granted to four others. Gold
and silver medals were awarded for proficiency in
music and the fine arts, and a great number of prizes
were won by the students whose homes are in various
parts of Canada and some from the United States.—
Senator Ferrer, one of the best-known Methodists in
Canada, recently died in Montreal. It is a remark-
able coincidence that his funeral sermon was preached
in Great St. James Street on the last Sabbath that
venerable sanctuary was occupied. He laid the cor-
ner-stone of the said house of worship forty years ago,
and a few months before his decease he laid the cor-
ner-stone of the magnificent church which is now be-
ing erected for the Great St. James Street congrega-
tion.

At Home.

Oregon.—At the Willamette University Com-
mencement, Rev. J. F. DeVore received the degree of
D. D., and Rev. J. H. Wythe, of San Francisco, that
of LL. D.

Dakota.—Rev. B. S. Taylor, pastor of the M. E.
Church at Wahpeton, North Dakota Conference,
has been suspended from the ministry and member-
ship of our church. The charge was falsehood. There
were ten specifications, upon four of which he was
pronounced guilty, and upon six guilty.

Colorado.—Rev. Henry A. Buchtel, pastor of
Trinity Church, Denver, will attend the World's
Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association
at Stockholm, in August.

Indiana.—Dr. A. G. Stevenson, an eminent
physician and a well-known Methodist, died at
Lafayette recently, aged 67.—Rev. James Hill, Rev.
F. C. Iglehart and Rev. W. R. Halstead received the
degree of D. D. at the late Commencement of De-
Paul University.—At the First Church, South
Bend, the pastor baptized 60 by sprinkling and im-
mersed 12 in the river, on Children's day.

Ohio.—Dr. Helt, president of Hillsboro College,
has resigned, and taken an appointment as pastor of
our church at Piqua, to succeed Dr. A. B. Leonard
who becomes missionary secretary.—An informal
reception was given Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Mendenhall
at Delaware, on June 19. Dr. Whitlock, in behalf of
the friends, presented the Doctor a handsome gold-
headed cane, and Mrs. Prof. W. G. Williams pre-
sented Mrs. Mendenhall a silver carving set in a beau-
tiful case.

District of Columbia.—Bishop Newman,
by request, preached to the King's Daughters, at Mc-
Kenzie Church, Washington, recently.—McKenzie Church, Wash-

ington, has closed a series of meetings which contin-
ued a month. Fifty-seven persons have been added
to the church as part of the fruit of this good work.

Pennsylvania.—The corner-stone of the
Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, was laid
June 21.—The corner-stone of a new Methodist
Episcopal Church in Danphin, Philadelphia Confer-
ence, was laid June 14. Prof. Kittenhouse, of Dick-
inson College, delivered the address.

New Jersey.—A window placed in the Simp-
son Memorial Church, Long Branch, to the memory
of Bishop Matthew Simpson, has been dedicated.
Gen. Clinton B. Fisk and Mr. George W. Childs, the
donor of the window, were present. General Fisk de-
livered an address upon the life and services of
Bishop Simpson.—July 4, a memorial window in
St. Luke's M. E. Church at Long Branch, was un-
veiled, in commemoration of Gen. Grant. The win-
dow was the gift of Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia.
The principal oration was delivered by Gen. Horace
Porter, who was on Grant's staff during the war.

New York.—New York Avenue M. E. Church,
Brooklyn, raised \$50,650 on Sunday, June 17, for a
new building. The sum asked for was \$50,000.—Fr.
Jarvis enjoyed great prosperity last year. Nearly
200 souls were saved, \$1,000 paid on a mortgage and
about \$1,500 on improvements.—A revival has been
in progress at Le Roy for several weeks. The pastors of
the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist churches
were assisted by Rev. E. E. Davidson, of New-ton-
ville, Mass. Over one hundred have been received on
profession in the M. E. Church, and the pastor has
baptized 38.—June 26, Bishop Thoburn had a nar-
row escape from being killed, while on a visit to
Tonawanda to solicit contributions for a memorial
orangeade at Pader, India. The *Northern Advocate*
gives the following details: "While standing in the
rear of a carriage from which he and his party had
alighted, the horses became frightened, and wheeling
suddenly the Bishop was struck in the head with the
tongue of the vehicle, knocked over and stunned;
the horses trampling him and then drawing the car-
riage wheels over his limbs. His injuries did not,
however, prove to be dangerous, though they were se-
rious and much anxiety was felt lest, weakened as he
was by a slight attack of fever, his nervous system
might suffer from the shock. After being carefully
nursed till Thursday, he was able to reach Buffalo,
where he remained quietly till this week, when he
had sufficiently recovered to attempt the journey to
his home in Kingston, Ohio."

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D. D.

[A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy of the Baptist Church,
Boston. This is one of a series of letters which are being
published in the *Watchman*. The present letter, by the
special courtesy of the editor of that journal, is given
below.]

Those who, like the writer, witnessed the
grand review of our army at the close of the
civil war, will never forget the scene. As
general after general passed by, and the
memory of his great achievements came to
mind; as regiment after regiment moved on,
bearing the torn flags that told of hard-
fought battles, the enthusiasm knew no
bounds. I could think of nothing else as the
first session of the great International Con-
ference of Foreign Missions was passing in
Exeter Hall this morning. We were told at
the outset that we had been called together,
not to hear great pulpiter orators deliver mis-
sionary orations, but rather to listen to the
veteran missionary workers and evangelists
telling what things God had wrought among
the Gentiles.

And there was no lack of speakers. One
hundred and twenty societies were announced
as present by their representatives and mis-
sionaries; all the Protestant missionary
organizations of the world of any importance,
with the single exception of the High Ritualistic
Society of the Church of England, which
declined to participate. If called to describe
the convention in a single sentence, we should
name it, "Centennial Exhibition of Foreign
Missions." The various fruits of missionary
conquest have been set forth day after day
till we are filled with wonder, admiration and
praise.

It seems as though everybody and every
interest of which we have ever heard in con-
nection with this great enterprise has been
brought before us. Let those who are familiar
with the story of the evangelization of the Fiji
Islands, fifty years ago, the abode of the most
revolting cannibalism, and to-day as thorowly
Christianized as the most favored portions
of New England, imagine the thrill of in-
terest excited in the heart as a gray-headed
veteran of the Wesleyan Society, rising to
speak, said, "Fifty years ago I went out as a
missionary to the cannibals of Fiji." That
aged black man sitting on the platform in a
bishop's garb—who can he be? Cheer after
cheer went up when the chairman announced
him as Bishop Crowther. What a story of
adventure and exaltation comes before the
mind at the mention of his name! Stolen
from the coast of Africa when a boy; sold by
the wretched slave-traders for a few pounds
of tobacco; later exchanged for a horse, and
passed from master to master with every
indignity possible till he tried to commit
suicide to escape the disgrace; then picked up
by some friendly captain, brought to England,
educated, converted, and finally made Bishop
of Western Africa; and now the valley of the
Niger is blossoming like a garden under his
hand with the fruits of the Gospel. It is a
great thing simply to see one of whom we
have so often read. That little man of hum-
ble bearing and speaking broken English—I
did not catch the name—but he is introduced
as from Herrnhut, a name the very mention
of which almost brings tears. For there the
light of foreign evangelization was kindled
long

Miscellaneous.

INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

THANKS for an invitation to your feast. Should I place upon your table a few clusters of personal testimony instead of argument, it may be that I would be contributing an appetizing and healthful variety to the banquet, despite the possible imputation of egotism.

1. My belief in the Bible was at first traditional. I acquiesced in the faith of my parents. The Book of books was reverently read aloud twice daily beside my cradle. I here publicly record my gratitude to God for this simple kind of faith in His Word.

2. While a small boy I began to infer that there must be something Divine in a book from the study of which my mother came forth from her closet with a heavenly serenity amid the adversities and asperities of farm life, which sorely fretted my less spiritual father.

3. After this a wider observation revealed the fact that the best specimens of moral excellence and true nobility in my little world were believers in the Holy Scriptures who were endeavoring to exemplify its precepts. My studies in modern history soon convinced me that this is true of nations also; that the Bible-reading nations are at the top in intelligence, the mechanical arts, morals, and in all the elements of national progress, greatness, and power.

4. The difficulties I found in my Bible, as I began its study, especially in harmonizing the four Gospels, were a great perplexity as discrediting the message of God to men. Why should a good God tantalize us with sayings enigmatical and dark? Why should not the Father of lights bestow a perfectly luminous revelation of Himself? I soon found, however, that most of my difficulties were metaphysical, arising from the attempt of the finite to fathom the Infinite, and that on the practical question of duty there was no darkness. I found relief in Bishop Butler's remark that Revelation is designed not only to communicate truth, but to test our loyalty to God; that probation consists not only in obeying His will when clearly known, but in our treatment of a partially obscure Revelation, patiently examining it in order to know what that will is. Robert Hall's apothegm, "A religion without a mystery is like a temple without a god," alleviated my perplexities, as also the thought that the difficulties in the Bible have afforded the human intellect its best palestra in which to wrestle and grow strong.

5. The supernatural element in the Bible never troubled me much. I early found that I must believe in a miracle anyhow, whether I accepted or rejected its Divine origin. If I rejected it, I must believe a greater miracle in accounting for its earthly origin. I know what men cannot do. They cannot build up Niagara, nor scoop out the Atlantic, nor pile up Mont Blanc. They could not invent the Bible. Any four boys in a primary school could more easily originate the life and plays of Shakespeare than could four common men fabricate the four Gospels, the unique, symmetrical, and sinless character of Jesus Christ. His addresses measureless in their subtilities, and His parables fathomless in their profundities. I could sooner believe that four stone-masons of Boston built the Milky Way.

6. Thus far my faith rested on a mere intellectual basis, an admiration of Christ's character, the story of His life, death, and resurrection, a literary achievement transcending the combined powers of mankind. Hence the inference that the Old Testament, the prophetic record of that life, and the New Testament, its historic record, could not have come from beneath the skies. But inference did not deliver me from periods of distressing doubt. At this point of my history, through the mercy of God, a new and demonstrative story of proof was marvelously opened to me. "If any man wills to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of earthly or of heavenly origin." "Taste and see." I tasted, and I now see, by a set of spiritual intuitions quickened into activity by the Holy Ghost, that Christ, the central theme of the Bible, is a real and living Person, who has manifested Himself unto me, even me, as the Almighty Saviour, delivering me from the guilt, the dominion, and the indwelling of sin, giving to me that certitude of my sonship to God, which the Greek New Testament calls *epignosis*, so that I am neither an agnostic nor a gnostic, but an epignostic (not yet in the dictionary), one who knows God and His salvation with assurance excluding all doubt. I have given heed unto the sure word of prophecy, until the day-star has arisen in my heart. It is a star that outshines the sun, and a star that never sets. Glory be to God for causing that star to rise in the firmament of my soul!

You ask me, "In what sense I believe the Bible to be the Word of God." I answer, in the sense of a better than Jacob's ladder to this kind of star-gazing. He who mounts will have the glorious vision. This is the short road. The long, winding, and wearisome staircase, which only long-lived experts have time to climb, is through criticism of the original text, proof of canonically, genuineness, authenticity, modes of inspiration, and the endless discussion of objections. TAKE THE ELEVATOR.—"A Symposium of Inspiration," in *Our Day* for June.

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY GOTHAM.

THE New York Preachers' Meeting has been discussing the General Conference. Dr. James M. Buckley, Dr. Ensign McChesney, Dr. Howard Henderson, and Rev. J. Benson Hamilton have been the committee-appointed leaders at the four Monday meetings succeeding the adjournment. There was in Dr. Buckley's speech more bordering on pessimism than I have ever heretofore detected in his deliverances. His comparison of the present methods of preaching and of church-work with the style and system of the fathers, was not complimentary to the pulpits and preachers of the age. He was severe on sensationalism and the church managerial system of financiering. The old preachers fortified everything they said with a Scriptural quotation. Now, if the lessons read did not contain the proof of the discourse, it was without divine attestation. Dr. Buckley manifested a mainly submission to the conclusions of the General Conference.

Dr. McChesney was rather optimistic. He saw great advance in the extension of the pastoral term, and thought it would work a revolution in the status of our church in the great cities. He has so successfully conducted his own ministry at St. Paul's, that, ere the term-extension, he was invited to the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Church, Dr. C. S. Masden having previously agreed to return to his former charge in St. Louis. Dr. J. R. Day was invited back to St. Paul's, and has agreed to accept. He had previously been invited to return to Newburg, his present pastorate, and to West Harlem, N. Y., one of the most promising of our young churches.

Dr. Howard Henderson occupied the meeting, June 18. I have interviewed him, and he has agreed to furnish you with an extended outline of his speech on that occasion. He was followed by Dr. Roche, who is a sunny spirit, enjoying a golden autumn, whose brow is fanned by Beulah breezes, and whose ruddy face and stalwart form give prophecy that he will yet, for many years, live to bless the church, to charm his brethren, and to "grow old gracefully." He thought that the extension of the time would infuse a fresh energy into the ministry, and compel a closer scrutiny by the laity. The rustling of female skirts made no pleasant music in his ears.

Rev. Solomon Parsons, fresh from the Prohibition Convention, discerned "the sun of Austerlitz" in the glow of woman in the sun. Rev. Mr. Johns, of the Newark Conference, made a historical speech reviewing Rev. T. I. Roswell, who had, on a previous Monday, affirmed that the female sex had never produced a statesman, and that woman was not needed either in the legislation of the Church or State. He paid glowing eulogies to Zola and Semiramis, to Joan of Arc and Victoria, but, singularly enough, had nothing to say of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. But she has not yet passed into the encyclopedias. Woman is a great train-switcher. She has sidetracked many a man and measure.

Rev. J. B. Hamilton, on the "Dangers of Officialism," I did not hear, for which omission I have had the ear-ache ever since. It was Hamiltonian, full of the family characteristics of those gifted brothers. I can fancy its merits, from the flattering accounts given of it by those whose judgment I respect. By the way, J. Benson Hamilton is achieving a flattering success in his great Brooklyn Church, to which he was so suddenly called last spring.

Dr. J. O. Osborn, of West Harlem, has gone to Europe. Dr. John Johns, of Beekman Hill, whose health is impaired, has been furnished with an ample and complimentary fund by friends, and sent abroad. Dr. James M. King goes abroad for the summer. I hear that his name is prominently mentioned in connection with the Wesleyan University at Middletown. He is worthy of any position that may invite him. I am better persuaded of the nobility of his nature now than ever before.

The election of Dr. S. L. Baldwin to the recording secretaryship of the Missionary Society, seems to have given complete satisfaction. His thorough knowledge of the missionary field, only possible to one who has been in it, his acknowledged practical sense, his disposition to look before leaping, his creditable platform abilities, combine to give him fit qualifications to succeed the rare genius for the place called to the episcopacy.

Bishop Fitzgerald will not remove to Minneapolis until January, 1889. His presence is required here. Having, as recording secretary, had in his hands various estates bequeathed to the Missionary Society, and many related interests, he must be accessible until the new régime is fairly inaugurated. The Conference assigned him to the South. He will make friends for the M. E. Church wherever he moves. No happier assignment to initiatory duty could have been made than this tour-lotted Bishop Fitzgerald.

The nomination of Harrison gives delight to the Republicans hereabout. It is astonishing how rapid can be the leap of a man into fame—or notoriety, which is so frequently confounded with it—when he is made the candidate of a great party. Thus James K. Polk emerged from the obscurity of a country lawyer in 1844 to eclipse, by success, the "great commoner" of world-wide fame, Henry Clay. Thus Hayes shot up, and Cleveland darted to the zenith, and now Harrison flashes across the political sky like a meteor. He has the advantage of lineage, which is supposed to be worthless in a republic. His great-grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence; his grandfather was famous as an Indian fighter and President of the United States for one month, after the most excited campaign that America had ever experienced; his father was in Congress, and he, himself, hath had important positions in judicial, civic, and military life. He combines the elements of a powerful candidate. He is a clean man. His ear has never yielded to the rattle of a bribe, his hand has never been stained with the price of one. If elected, none but partisans seeking preferment can be dissatisfied. It is a grand thing to feel that, no matter if your choice is not elected, a patriot has been.

As for President Cleveland, he has four years of administration for scrutiny before the jury of an intelligent country, and he has his admirable young wife in the White House whom multitudes would be sad to see go. But, as between Cleveland and Harrison, it is protection—or the opposite. People this time will be compelled to decide upon principles. A mighty lesson in political economy—the learning which they will have by heart by the nodes of November—is before the American people. Somebody has defined political economy to be "the science of selfish interests." If this be so, it is now the spindle against the plow, the loom against the reaping-hook, the forge against the grain elevator. New England by the shore is for the one, and newer England by the prairie and mountain for the other. On the tariff question both parties are divided—no matter what the platform says, or fail to say. Mud and blood slinging are at an end, and, at last, the American people are facing a great political question worthy of the thought and energies of a vast campaign.

I attended the ratification meeting of the Prohibitionists at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 23, when the nominees were notified of the action of the Indianapolis Convention. The vast building was packed with people and enthusiasm. Five hundred representative citizens occupied the stage. Every private box was filled with those willing to pay for its occupancy. The parquet and galleries

were crowded. Two-thirds of the males present were young men—"seed corn." As they had opportunity in the pauses of the speaker, or when a shell apun from a big gun whistled from the platform battery into the air, they rose and cheered, waved banners, and were joined by fair women who fluttered fans or handkerchiefs, until the enthusiasm became painful. Diddle of Michigan, in an admirable speech, tendered Gen. Clinton B. Fisk the nomination. He received it in the most modest manner. He was not himself as to humor or oratory. He impressed me as a man loaded with responsibility, and dumbbed by the looming up of a majestic portent before a vision it dazed, and a tongue it palsied.

Rev. Mr. Brooks, candidate for Vice-President, was "loose." He rattled around the platform like a long-roll beat on a kettledrum. He was full of fight; whether he won or failed, seemed to have no influence with him. He might have adopted George Eliot's words, "Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning, but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is sure of losing." Brooks will fight, and lose, and maybe fight again and win.

Miss Frances Willard was there, looking ever so womanly, speaking ever so humanly, doing ever so dutifully. Her words were full of heart-break, her eyes were full of tears. She pleaded for protection for the home in tones and tenses that would have made the meanest free-trader in whiskey stop to listen, or listen to stop his ears. She begged for protection of hearth with such a walling eloquence as would make any protectionist for nills or foundries halt to consider whether it were not worth while to heed the mendicancy made by strong drink. She pledged the fealty of womanhood to the party that would crush the great foe of woman and her children.

The writer will not vote for General Fisk, but he is compelled to respect the motive that renders the party he represents respectable. The idea it represents is bound to finally win in some form or another. It draws off from the Republicans in the North, from the Democrats in the South, but it—the idea—will finally draw to it all who love God and man and are aiming to destroy their mightiest foes.

Oh! that word regret! There have been nights and morns when we have sighed, "Let us alone, Regret! We are content To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep For aye." But it is patient, and it waits; it has not learned to cry itself to sleep.

But plained on the bed that it is hard. We did amiss when we did with it gone And amiss; sorrows humanize the race; Tears are the showers that fertilize this world; And memory of things precious keepseth warm The heart that once did fold them.

They are poor Who have lost nothing; they are poorer far Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor Of all, who lose and wish they might forget. For life is one, and in its warp and woof There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair, And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet: Where there are sombre colors. It is true That we have wept. But oh, this thread of gold, We would not have it tarnish; let us turn Off and look back upon the wondrous web, And when it shineth sometimes we shall know That memory is possession.

—JEAN INGELGHE.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Interesting Incidents.

BY REV. FREDERICK RUMMEL GRAVES.

IN my walks about, I get something besides health. Pleasure, information and subscribers are not the least of these. I meet people. Many have something to say worth repeating; at any rate, worth remembering, and I remember. Here are three scraps torn from my note-book.

ZION'S HERALD.

This is the oldest Methodist paper in the country. I didn't know it until I was told. Its history has been full of changes. It was once half smothered, but it breathed again, and through the crowd of religious journals of all classes and denominations, it has worked its way to the open air. Back from New York, fifty odd years ago, it came, and was published on Washington St. as the *New England Christian Herald*. William C. Brown had charge of it then, and Mr. William Noble, then a boy of eleven, and now a hardware merchant of this city, folded the paper, whose largest circulation, outside of Boston, was in Lynn, Truro, Ashburnham and on the Cape. He folded all the papers for "a penny ha'penny," or 18 3/4 cents. If a boy, would he do it now? Hardly. Its circulation is too big. But Mr. Noble, who knew the paper then and knows it now, after telling me the above, said: "The paper is a grand success, and is improving. Somebody has got hold of it who knows what people want to read."

CIVIL WAR AND CIVIL SERVICE.

Many of the blue-coated heroes who were wounded, found care and nursing in our Northern hospitals. The Massachusetts General Hospital was a boon to many such. A soldier who was wounded in the fierce struggle at Fort Donelson, had one of his limbs amputated at the South, after which he was sent North. It took weeks for him to reach the Boston hospital, and then he was told that another operation must be performed, but that under it he would probably die. He could not eat. He was dying by inches and suffering by yards. His wife was telegraphed for. But one morning the nurse, walking among the cots, whispered to him: "Ross, you are going to live." She gave him a half-teaspoonful of cocoa and scalded milk. He retained it, and two or three more followed. The nurse then told an assistant to give a teaspoonful every minute. He rallied. Shortly after, the nurse, standing near the hospital door, saw ascending the steps a woman who was crying violently. "Are you Mrs. Ross?" she asked. "I am," replied the woman, "and I wish to see my dying husband." "But you can't see him. You would kill him. He's getting better." At this the woman's tears changed to smiles, and the nurse said: "Well, now you can see him. Come with me."

She led me through the ward to the cot and introduced Mrs. Ross to her husband. The interview gave him new courage, and before many weeks, on his crutches, he went out of the hospital without a limb, but otherwise well. This man, called, for disguising, Mr. Ross, has for long years been postmaster in a suburban office. He has hobbled about and done his duty faithfully and satisfactorily. Yes! But then, he was removed by President

Cleveland. Under the civil service reform business? You must judge; but it looks queer. Civil war—loss of limb. Civil service?—loss of office. This is a true incident, told me by the lady who was the nurse in the Boston hospital, and is well known to many an old soldier whom she nursed back to health.

AN OLD WANT.

What is it? Why, subscribers, of course. And of the same kind as the following. When I introduced myself to a lady whom her pastor calls "one of the best and most generous women in the church," she said to me: "Oh! and I must have the *HERALD*." She subscribed for it, and then I talked a moment with her. During the conversation she pulled from under her desk an iron bank in which, she said, was put something for missions every time a bill was paid to her. She has carried on her husband's business since he died about fifteen months ago, and the bank must contain something. If only enough to buy a tract, it may work marvels. Taking the *HERALD* does not prevent her doing other things, and doing other things does not prevent her taking the *HERALD*. She is modest, but I will tell her name, hoping she will not be offended.—Mrs. Maria Avery, of the Tremont St. Church.

BALTIMORE LETTER.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE absorbing subject of conversation during the past few weeks has been the General Conference and its doings. The variety and extent of new legislation has attracted unusual attention. In some quarters the opinion may be heard expressed that the late General Conference was a very able but dangerous body, intent upon radical measures, and that adjournment only put an end to its capacity to work mischief.

Others view with hopefulness its progressive spirit, and gladly accept the work of the Conference as a "new departure" for Methodism, conscious of her power, and determined to wield it to the best advantage in the great future. This latter opinion strengthens as the legislative results of the Conference are better known and understood. There is a feeling, amounting almost to a deep conviction, that Methodism has entered upon a new era in her history, bright with the joyful prophecy of a more glorious future.

One of the delegates from this latitude—a very conservative layman—who voted against the admission of the women and the extension of the time limit, was asked what was the special impression the Conference made upon him. He replied: "The tremendous power of Methodism. It was like a new revelation, coming with a sweep and rush he had never imagined before. Such polished minds! Such vigorous thinkers, grappling with ease great questions as they rose, making a profound impression upon the great city of New York, and eliciting praise and compliment from the secular and religious press." He also said that he got an idea of the "Great West" as the region of power; that while the more conservative Easterners sat and thought and studied over things, that great wave of Western might would roll over the Conference, and the thing would be done.

Here, it is thought that the disposition of the woman question was the best under the circumstances, and meets with general approval. It cannot be denied that the advocates for their admission made a gallant fight and presented a strong case. It was certainly a very brilliant debate, and reads like a romance. We are afraid, however, that the women lost their golden opportunity in the defeat of 1888. The great votes of the Conference—Annual and General—necessary to admit them in 1892, will be difficult to obtain; and what is more detrimental to their cause, is the apparent apathy upon the part of the women themselves for this distinction and privilege. Unless the mind of the church is expressed in some overwhelming way, there is very slender chance that the measure will ever pass the Conference.

Tact which excited most surprise was the extension of the time-limit to the period of five years. While the Baltimore Preachers' Meeting on a Monday morning was discussing the matter, the majority sentiment running against any change as a serious blow to the itinerancy, while some thought that probably, as a compromise, the Conference might extend the term to four years with conditions, the very next morning the papers reported that the Conference had by a sweeping majority made it five years without conditions. It was a complete surprise, and created considerable excitement, for no subject could be more thrillingly interesting to preacher and layman. Some prophecies of coming evil were uttered, and some very uncompromising remarks were made about wild and destructive legislation, and the restless, unsettled policy of the church. The excitement has now measurably abated, the situation is calmly accepted, and preachers and churches are adjusting themselves to the new order of things. Time and experience alone will show the wisdom or the unwisdom of this change. We believe that the General Conference knew what it was doing, and in adapting Methodism to the demands of the times, has lifted her to a plane of greater usefulness and efficiency.

Another astonishment was the result of the episcopal elections. With the exception of Dr. Vincent, and possibly Dr. Fitzgerald, the rest had not been thought of. It would have been amusing, if the Baltimore Conference had been in session, to have noted its look of wonderment when informed that one of its own number had been made a Bishop. It had no hopes or aspirations in that direction. It never dreamed of such a possibility. That a man who was not a member of the Conference should start into the canvass with a heavy vote, and then steadily force his way up through successive ballottings to more than a two-thirds vote, was unprecedented in the history of the church. The Baltimore Conference could hardly believe it, but she takes kindly to it, and wears the unexpected honor with becoming grace.

Bishop Newman is, perhaps, the most celebrated Methodist preacher in the whole connection. Possessed of distinguished ability in the pulpit and on the platform, his fine address and striking personal appearance, coupled with his great reputation as an orator, will make him a conspicuous figure among the bishops. He will be one of (if not the) most popular preachers among them, and will leave a great record of himself as he travels through the Conferences.

But what of the Metropolitan pulpit? His gain is its loss. It will be difficult to find his successor, for no man seemed to fit that position so completely as the man who is now elevated to the episcopacy.

The corner-stone of the new Bennett Memorial building of the Woman's College was laid recently with appropriate ceremonies, Bishop Vincent and Dr. Buckley officiating. On the evening before, an educational meeting was held in the Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, on which occasion Bishop Vincent made an able address, and expressed some very decided views and convictions upon the usurpations of Roman Catholicism. Dr. Buckley followed, and entertained the audience in his own wonderfully brilliant way.

Rev. Dennis Osborne has been spending a few days in our city, and is meeting with great favor among the churches. He is a man of singular eloquence, deep piety, and thorough consecration to his chosen work. It is a happy thought of Chaplain McCabe to have him spend a year in this country.

It is said that Bishop Taylor will shed the light of his rugged countenance upon us during the camp-meeting season. How glad we will be to see him, and what a greeting we will give him! He is the chief hero of Methodism to-day, and the Baltimore Conference counts it her highest glory that she produced such a character for the church and the world.

And now, Mr. Editor, the hot wave has struck us and seems inclined to stay, and there are signs of relaxation from intensely active work. Afternoon sessions of Sunday-school are closing, and the evening service in some of the churches is discontinued. The latter does not prevail to any great extent. The year round, through all seasons, and in all weathers, churches are open, and regular service held. We expect a good year, and there are many indications that we will not be disappointed.

COMMENCEMENTS.

East Greenwich Academy.

The representatives of the board of visitors appointed by the N. E. S. Conference, have been in attendance two days out of the three devoted to examinations, and the other days of the Commencement week. They take pleasure in testifying to the fidelity and devotion of the teachers, and, in many cases, marked proficiency of the students in the various departments of study. They attended the examinations in languages, science, mathematics and other branches taught at the school, as well as heard rehearsals and recitals in its most excellent department of music. They will not follow the usual custom of designating each teacher by name, nor attempt a statement of details as to their various departments, but will say that the result of their observation and contact with the students has been that they are fully able to recommend our youth to be sent to East Greenwich Academy, and thus be well fitted for the practical work of life, or the still farther advanced studies of the college course or other courses.

The subject which has most interested the committee, and which at present is of most absorbing interest to every well-wisher of the school, is its restoration to permanent and assured prosperity. It gives them no slight pleasure to say that the present is full of happy portents pointing to a bright and successful career. The causes which were gradually undermining public confidence are now removed. The clouds that lowered upon the school, to slightly change the language of the Duke of Gloucester, are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

We wish to give all possible publicity to the fact that arrangements are now making by which it is confidently hoped, that the wretched incubus of debt will be actually removed, and at no very distant day. It is well known, of course, that the institution is about to come into possession of \$13,000. But it cannot be too well known that only \$13,000 of this can be applied to the school's indebtedness, i. e., so much of the indebtedness as was incurred in the erection of permanent buildings. Other arrangements must be made and are now going forward by which all friends of the school devoutly hope, the last dollar of remaining indebtedness will be forever a thing of the past.

Men who are successful are in demand. And this we find is the case with the principal of East Greenwich Academy. Prof. Blakeslee received not long since a unanimous election to the principality of Chamberlain Female College of New York State—an institution well endowed, the emoluments of which are very much superior to those of East Greenwich Academy. The committee wish to record that the declination of this position on the part of Prof. Blakeslee was an act of such unselfish devotion to the best interests of our school, that it can only be re-estimated by the most hearty co-operation with him in sending him both money and students.

The board of management have decided to establish a Normal Department at the beginning of the fall term of this year. A graduate of a normal school will have charge of this department.

We hardly need say, that which has been so characteristic of this school is still true, and the religious interest the past year has been good. My venerable institution annually renew your youth! From its halls may multitudes of youth continuously go forth well fitted for the highest service in every field of human endeavor! May a kindly Providence raise up for it many friends who shall consecrate (as others have been faithfully doing) their means to its good!

S. HAMILTON DAY.

Sec. Conf. Board of Visitors.

Vermont Methodist Seminary.

The Commencement exercises of this school closed June 21. Sunday, June 17, Rev. T. P. Frost, of St. Johnsbury, preached the Baccalaureate sermon to the acceptance of all.

The Conference examining committee spent two days among the classes. The work done was, almost without exception, commendable, the general average reaching a high mark. The pupils in painting and crayon sketching, under the training of Miss Bickford, exhibited specimens of their work from nature and from copies, some of which showed much merit and elicited words of commendation. The music department is very prosperous under the direction of Prof. Blaisdell, a graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music. All the exercises were of a classical character, and their execution showed thorough training. Prof. Morey, a graduate of Syracuse University, has earned well-deserved praise in the department of ancient languages. Classes in Caesar and David, Xenophon and Homer, while they were at home in translating the text, proved themselves able to solve difficult constructions. Many of the recitations would have done credit to a class in college. So we might speak of each department if space would allow.

The prize speaking, both by the junior and senior classes, was uniformly good, the judges finding reason to commend the work of all. The essays and orations of the graduates were thoughtful, and held the close attention of the audience, being almost entirely free from sophomoric gush.

A homelike, Christian influence seemed to pervade everything. The conduct of the students in the recitation-rooms and on the campus was that of Christian gentlemen and ladies. Few go out from the school without having accepted Christ as their Master. While there is no evidence of sectarianism, there is a most decided religious atmosphere.

Prof. Bishop as principal, ably seconded by Miss Bickford as preceptor, with the old corps of teachers—with one exception—have been secured for another year, thus assuring continued success. Parents need not hesitate to send their children to this Christian school, so delightfully situated among the Green

Mountains of Vermont, and in the capital of the State. W. S. SMITH, Sec. Com.

Ohio Wesleyan University.

The very interesting exercises of Commencement week at this honored institution have just closed. Owing to the convention at Chicago, the annual meeting of the trustees was held nearly a week earlier than usual. At 8 p. m., on Thursday, June 14, a farewell reception was given to President Payne by the faculty and students of the University and by the citizens of Delaware. It was largely attended. Addresses were made by representatives of all these classes, and there was universal regret expressed at Dr. Payne's departure, and expectation of success in his new field of duty and responsibility. The usual society and academic exercises followed during the week.

Sunday, June 17, was a day to be remembered. At 11 a. m., President Payne preached the Baccalaureate sermon to a magnificent audience in the elegant new Williams Street Church. It was a masterly effort, fully sustaining Dr. Payne's reputation for pulpit eloquence, and specially impressive from the fact that it was to be his last as president of the University. In the afternoon the University fore-fest was held. The day closed with the annual missionary address before the Students' Christian Association, by Rev. J. J. Reed, D. D., pastor of Walnut Hills Church, Cincinnati, O. It was an able discourse to a sympathetic and interested audience. It is understood that out of the graduating class seven expect to give foreign missions. This shows the earnest spiritual condition of the University perhaps better than any other fact. Under President Payne's management and aided by the faculty, revival services have been held each year with the most blessed results.

Monday brought the annual exhibition of the Conservatory of Music, proving that department to be of high grade; and also the senior lecture, which was this year, delivered by Rev. F. M. Bristol, D. D. His address was listened to with great interest. The display of the work in the Art Department at Monday evening of the same day the Eastern Musical Union gave a grand concert. Prof. F. M. Davis led the orchestra, and Prof. Blakeslee the chorus. The choral and orchestral parts were sustained entirely by University and Delaware talent, and the solo parts also, with the exception of the basso, who was imported. It is not too much to say that this concert was a surprise to those who had never heard the Union before. The writer heard President Payne say that every professor in the musical department was both a church member and a Christian.

Wednesday was given up to field sports, class reunions, etc., closing with the grand promenade concert in the evening.

The exercises of Commencement day began at 9 o'clock a. m. The graduating class numbered sixty; of these forty-three delivered orations; the others were excused at their own request. More than half of the graduates were ladies, and they proved that women can cope in oratorical ability with men. It is no disparagement to the young gentlemen of the class to say that their sisters were fully their equals in grasp of thought, in power of expression, and in general strength. A number of honorary degrees were conferred. Worthy of special mention was the degree of Doctor of Divinity, given to Rev. Sia Sak Ong, of China. This announcement was received with applause. President Payne said that he believed this was the first time that degree had ever been conferred upon a Chinaman by an American college.

Other degrees were as follows: Oscar T. Curson, Cambridge, O.; A. M. Rev. Delmar R. Lowell, of Rutland, Vt.; Andrew J. Nelson, of San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. Charles W. Drees, of South American Missions, D. D.; Cady Staley, of Cleveland, O.; L. D. Dr. Payne made some fitting remarks at the close of the exercises. His report to the trustees showed development on all lines during the year. Not innumerable the progress made during his connection with the institution, he said that the number of students had nearly doubled—about nine hundred having been in attendance during the past year, while the endowment and other funds of the University had largely increased. He said that the building era was about to commence; that within a few months a new building for chapel, recitation-rooms, etc., would be commenced. Also a gymnasium, a music hall, and a new wing to Monnett Hall, were soon to be begun. There is universal regret at the loss of Dr. Payne from the presidency. His administration has been eminently successful, and he carries the confidence of his co-laborers with him into his new field of duty.

The President's leave in the evening closed the exercises of Commencement week. Hundreds of students and friends of the University thronged the elegant apartments of the President's residence, all of whom received kind attentions from Dr. Payne and his estimable wife. After several hours of delightful social intercourse, and the partaking of the elegant refreshments provided, all took leave of their host and hostess with regretful farewells and hearty wishes for their future prosperity and happiness.

C. W. R.

Northwestern University.

The thirtieth anniversary began Sunday, June 17, with the Baccalaureate sermon by President Cummings, from the text Rev. 11: 12. It would be difficult to do justice to this inspiring discourse. Grateful are we all here for the gift to us by New England of the first of educators, one of the greatest of preachers, Cummings; and thankful, too, for his unabated vigor, masterly management, and wise and far-reaching plans for the great institution committed to his care.

The sermon Sunday evening was also an able one by Dr. J. L. Whitrow, another New Englander. And still another, Prof. Herbert F. Fisk—who presided over the graduating exercises of sixty graduates from his department, the preparatory school, on Monday evening—is well known to readers of *ZION'S HERALD*. No other department in the University has had such remarkable prosperity. He needs and is asking for a new building, and must have one soon, if his department continues to grow as it has under his care. Henceforth by the action of the trustees there will be a new chair in the University known as the "Chair of Pedagogics." H. F. Fisk, professor.

To Dr. Oliver Marcy, who needs no introduction to your readers, the board granted a year's vacation until full pay, with a desire that he will so spend it as to entirely recover his health and be able to return to his chair of natural history in '89.

Space would fail me to speak as they deserve of all the men the East has given to our University—Dr. Bonbright, Prof. Morse, Prof. Cumcock, William Deering, Orrington Lunt. But for the last, with John Evans, we should not now have this greatest Western institution of Methodism.

The graduating class from the College of Liberal Arts numbered 39. Besides these there were a graduate in education, 15 in music, 34 from the College of Medicine, 50 from the College of Law, and 36 from the College of Pharmacy; making, with the 60 from the preparatory school, 238 in all departments of the University except the theological.

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. F. M. Bristol; and that of LL. D. upon Melville Q. Fuller, who has been nominated for judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

On Thursday afternoon occurred the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Dearborn Observatory. The building will cost \$25,000, of which the contract has been let. Present Cummings said in his report to the board of trustees that it will be the "finest dome in the world." The Observatory will be completed by October next, and will add greatly to the facilities of the University for giving the broadest and most thorough education of any institution in the land.

The exercises of Commencement week closed with the reception given by President and Mrs. Cummings on Thursday evening.

OK,
Agt

The Family.

HIS GOOD PROMISE.

"There hath not failed one word of all His good promise:—1 KINGS 8: 36.

BY REV. JAMES YEAMER.

O Word of love unfailing!
O promise ever true!
In every strait availing,
Still now, as ever, now!
Vanish the stable heavens,
Dissolve this solid earth,
The word of God still standeth,
His bounty knows no dearth.

How safely hath He led thee
Across the desert wild;
Hath guarded, sheltered, fed thee,
Through all a wayward child.
Not even one word hath failed
Of all His promise good;
And howsoever assailed,
His truth hath firmly stood.

O Power, benign, almighty!
O Love, eternal, pure!
O Wisdom, vast and boundless!
O Truth, unchanging, sure!
Jehovah! Rock of Ages!
On Thee our souls are stayed,
For Thy promise—pages
No jot of truth shall fade.

THE PREACHER'S VACATION.

The old man went to meetin', for the day was bright
And fair,
Though his limbs were very totterin', and 'twas
hard to travel, but he was
But he hungered for the Gospel, so he trudged the
weary way.
On the road so rough and dusty, neath the summer
sun's burning ray.

By and by he reached the building, to his soul a
joyful place,
Then he passed and wiped the sweat drops off his
thin and wrinkled face.
But he looked around bewildered, for the old bell
did not toll.
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he did not
see a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "What
does it mean?"
And he looked this way and that, till it seemed al-
most a dream.
He had walked the dusty highway, and he breathed
a heavy sigh,
Just to go once more to meetin' ere the summons
came to die.

But he saw a little notice tacked upon the meetin'
door.
So he limped along to read it, and he read it o'er
and o'er,
Then he wiped his dusty glasses and he read it o'er
again.
Till his limbs began to tremble and his eyes began
to pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made his
spirit burn:
"Pastor absent on vacation, church is closed till his
return."
Then he staggered slowly backward and he sat him
down to think.
For his soul was stirred within him, till he thought
his heart would sink.

So he mused aloud and wondered, to himself soli-
qu coasted:
"I have lived to almost eighty, and was never so
surprised,
As I read that oddest notice stickin' on the meetin'
door."
"Pastor off on a vacation," never heard the like be-
fore.

"Why, when I first joined the meetin', very many
years ago,
Preachers traveled on the circuit, in the heat and
through the snow;
If they got their clothes and witals, 'twas but little
cash they got,
They said nothing 'bout vacation; but were happy
in their lot."

"Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the shepherd
leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or provide
them food to eat?
So it strikes me very sing'lar when a man of holy
hands,
Thinks he needs to have vacation, and forsakes his
tender lambs."

"Tell me, when I tread the valley and go up the
shinin' height,
Will I hear to angels singin'—will I see no
gleamin' light?
Will the golden harps be silent, will I meet no wel-
come there?
Why, the thought is most distractin'; 'twould be
more than I could bear!"

"Tell me, when I reach the city over on the other
shore,
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the golden
door?
Tellin' me, 'mid dreadful silence, writ in words that
cut and burn:
'Jesus absent on vacation, heaven closed till His re-
turn.'"
—Selected.

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.

We wait for the bugle; the night dew is cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair,
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string;
The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
To banish the chill of the drear bivouac,
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
And no fire of steel in our sinews remains,
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not
here,
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are
bare,
We shall find our old youth when the bugle is blown.
—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, in the July
Century.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Thought and prayer both come from a hidden
source; they go forth to fight with foes
and gain victory in the external world; they
return to rest in Him who inspired them. Oh,
how fresh and original will each of our lives
become, what freshness will pass from society,
what excitement and restlessness from our re-
ligious acts, when we understand these se-
crets!—when the morning prayer is really a
prayer for grace to One whose service is per-
fect freedom, in knowledge of whom is eternal
life; when at evening we really ask One from
whom all good thoughts and holy desires and
just works proceed, for the peace which the
world cannot give.—F. D. Maurice.

Hard work is better than easy work in al-
most any line of effort; yet many a man
shrinks from the task assigned to him in his
special sphere of duty because he finds it do-
ing to be hard instead of easy. "How do you
like your new place?" asked an elder man of a
younger one. "Oh! it's a pretty good place,
only it's all up-hill work there," was the reply.
"Well, most of our work is up-hill work in this
world," rejoined the elder. "Down-hill work
doesn't amount to much in the long run. It
is seldom is work that is worth one's doing."
Down-hill work is easy, and up-hill work is
hard. In fact, it is because a man can go down
hill with his work without any need of his
working, that makes down-hill work so at-
tractive to the average man as he is.—Sunday
School Times.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let
him ask no other blessedness. He has a work,
a life-purpose; he has found it, and will fol-
low it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug

and torn by noble force through the sordid mud-
swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening
river there, it runs and flows; draining off the
sour, festering water gradually from the
root of the remotest grass blade; making, in-
stead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful
meadow with its clear-flowing stream—how
blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream
and its value be great or small! Labor is life;
from the inmost heart of the worker rises
his God-given force, the sacred celestial
life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty
God; from his inmost heart awakens him
to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-
knowledge," and much else, so soon as
work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowl-
edge that will hold good in working, cleave
thou to that; for Nature herself accredits
that, says you to that. Properly, too, thou
hast no other knowledge but what thou
hast got by working; the rest is yet all an
hypothesis of knowledge—a thing to be ar-
gued of in schools, a thing floating in the
clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try
and fit it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be
ended by action alone." All true work is ac-
cused by action alone. "All true work is ac-
cused; in all true work, were it but true hard-
labor, there is something of divineness. La-
bor, wide as the earth, has its summit in
heaven."—Thomas Carlyle.

Not for the dead, O Lord, we weep;
Untroubled is their rest, and deep;
For them why should we mourn or sigh?
Nought greet graves in peace they lie.
"Thou givest Thy beloved sleep."

For tempted souls, for wand'ring sheep,
For those whose path is rough and steep—
For these we lift our voices high;
Not for the dead.

For all who 'neath some burden creep,
Who show the wind, the whirlwind reap,
Who lonely walk the days go by,
For hearts that bleed while eyes are dry—
For such, O Lord, our tears we keep;
Not for the dead.

Death; have you ever wrestled with the
death-sorrow till you know its inner sweet-
ness? Sweetness greater than that I could
almost say. The loss is loss. We say, hap-
pily, "It is their gain," and wish to be willing;
but we are not willing. Our heart gets no re-
lief. The days go by, and the emptiness is as
empty, and the silence as silent, and the ache
as restless in its pain. What shall we do?
Our friends look on, and wish that they could
help us. And they know that help will come,
because to their own wrestling it once came.
They know that the heart of this pain is joy
indeed. And if you ask how it came about, in
distress so very sore as yours, their differing
words will probably amount to this: that such
pains can be still in one way only, and that
is by being more actively unselfish, by doing
more for others right through one's sadness,
by trying hard to do simply right. It takes a
little while, but they will assure us as an in-
ward fact, whose chemistry they do not pre-
tend to understand, that helpfulness and duty
done at such a time deepen and sweeten into
something within ourselves that almost seems
a new experience from its exceeding peace-
fulness. It is not making us "forget," say, just
the opposite. We know that somehow this
new peace is vitally connected with that pain;
and, at last, we come to think of them and
feel them together. Later, we begin to call it
peace, and forget that it was pain. And, by
and by, the hour in memory which is our lin-
gering-place for quiet, happy thoughts is the
very one which is lighted by a dead friend's
face. It is our heaven-spot; and, like the fair
city of the Apocalypse, it hath no need of sun,
for the glory of that face doth lighten it.

Perhaps, as life goes by, there will be more
than one of these green pastures with still
waters, in our inner life. And then we shall
find out that each death sorrow is unique.
From a brother's or a father's loss one can but
dimly understand, I suppose, a mother's feel-
ing when her child has vanished. Each death
is so unique because each life and love has
been unique. No two deaths will bless us,
therefore, just alike, and we can still name
our new strength or our new trust from the
separate love; it still is "Katie's" gift, or it
is "father's" gift. And thus the very highest
and deepest and holiest of our experiences in
some way wear the likeness of those friends
that we have lost.—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

OUR BISHOPS ON THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

BY MRS. OREO NICKERSON.

As Methodists we have reason to thank God
and congratulate ourselves on the wise
and good men in the past and present selection
of Bishops. Those of us who believe women
are individuals and citizens, and the rightful
assistants of the homes, through
helping to make good laws and electing such
men as will enforce them, have a special rea-
son to be thankful that in some of the newly-
elected Bishops, as well as in some of the best
in the past, we have allies on this question of
giving woman her proper and advanced place
as a co-worker with man in all departments of
the world's work calling for mental and moral
power.

When Dr. Newman was announced as Bishop,
I thought at once of his position on this
subject as given at Washington in 1887 in an
address of welcome to Miss Willard. Among
other good things, he said: "I welcome you
as a citizen who has been too long robbed of
her inalienable, and, if I understand the Con-
stitution, constitutional rights."

The written testimony of Bishop Bowman
is: "In quite early life I formed the opinion
that women ought to vote, because it is right,
and for the best interests of the country.
Years of observation and thought have
strengthened the opinion."

Bishop Hurst says: "I fully believe the
time has come when the ballot should be given
to woman. Both her intelligence and con-
science would lead her to vote on the side of
justice and pure morals."

The position of our sainted Bishops Simpson
and Haven on this subject is well known, the
former saying: "I believe that the great vic-
tory in our large cities will never be conquered
until the ballot is put in the hands of woman."
And the latter: "Only the ballot in the hands
of woman can save this nation from bankrup-
cy in finance, mind, and morals."

Had I the facts at hand, I might quote from
others of our Bishops as favorably on this
subject.

I would like to allude now to one which
which has greatly surprised me, and which I
have not seen referred to, and that is the in-
consistency of ministers who utterly repudi-
ate the idea of equal suffrage, inviting women
as evangelists to labor with them to help se-
cure the salvation of souls and advance the
prosperity of the church. If their objection
to the ballot for women is physical or mental
inability, surely the work of an evangelist
calls for a greater outlay of either or all of
these forces than merely dropping a ballot,
and gaining the necessary information to do it
intelligently, to say nothing of the skill and
tact and deep piety necessary to the former
work. If they object because "home is her
place," why do they give their influence to
her away from it? If on the ground of
publicity, surely they are "at sea" there, for
who so public as an evangelist?

I have in mind a popular city pastor, not of

Boston now, who thus calls women to his aid,
and who is strong in public lectures in deline-
ating the crime of the saloon, and yet says
that "the ballot in woman's hand, even for
temperance, would but augment an evil, with-
out furnishing a remedy." How can we ac-
count for such an assertion except on the
ground of prejudice and the tyranny of cus-
tom? Why do the saloon forces so thoroughly
repudiate woman's ballot, and say, if we must
have this or prohibition, give us prohibition,
with men at the wheel, we may be able to
get around it some way, but with women,
never.

I know some say that women will have to
vote as their husbands do. But the woman
must be on a low scale of humanity whose
mother heart will not risk the ire of her hus-
band rather than consent to the degradation,
suffering, vice and crime which a liquor vote
may bring to her children. Mrs. Livermore
says she can every year get the signature of
every Irish woman in her town to a petition
for universal suffrage when she tells her that
with that her husband will come home sober,
and not day-handed. Her reply is: "Praise
God that day may come quick," and makes
her mark.

The testimony from Arkansas, from a for-
mer president of the W. C. T. U. of that State,
is to the point as to the vote of the colored
women of the South. The law provided that
a majority of the inhabitants within three
miles of a school-house, petitioning that liquor
might not be sold within that radius, shall
have their petition granted. "In Little Rock
the canvass was made, and ninety-nine out of
every hundred of the colored women eagerly
signed it. It was pathetic to see the coarse,
irregular marks which the women could not
write their names made, hoping thus to
protect their homes."

In England, on the occasion of the Queen's
jubilee, when the great petition over seven
years long, and containing over a million
signers against Sunday saloon sale was cir-
culated, in one county of forty-two saloons,
thirty-eight of these saloon-keepers' wives put
their names to the petition.

I might go on with proofs as to the favor-
able effect woman's ballot would have in the
great temperance movement, but will return
to the point with which we started.

All hail to a church that has so many of its
Bishops, so many of its prominent ministers,
and so many of its membership—men and
women—on the advanced ground of woman's
equality in Church and State! All hail to the
many whose coming footsteps we hear, and to
the pioneers everywhere whose labors are so
fast ushering in the day of woman's freedom,
and the proportionate elevation of her brother
man and the country!

—South Harwich, Mass.

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Three horticultural schools, free to women, have
been opened in Denmark.

—Miss Julia H. Gulliver, president of Mt. Holy-
oke, received the honorary degree of Ph. D., at
Smith College.

—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has retired from
Mrs. Reed's school, where she was an instructor in
history and table manners.

—Mrs. L. E. Brooks is the successful owner and
manager of a bank, lively, feed and boarding stable
in Concord, Mass. She supplies carriages for wed-
dings, funerals, etc., and barges for excursion parties.

—A small, lame woman, slight yet strong in figure,
white face, pale, neutral brown hair and eyes, and
formal manner—such is a pen picture of Charles Eg-
bert Craddock, whose real name is Miss Murrell.

—Mlle. Gabrielle Dumontet, at the recent exami-
nations in medicine and surgery under the auspices of
the Women's Union of France, gained the first prize,
and was awarded the medal and diploma of honor.

—Mlle. Leblond has been awarded a diploma of
Doctor in Sciences by the Sorbonne, the first time
this distinction has been conferred upon a woman.
She is described as a modest young lady, the daughter
of a Strasbourg pastor, and a progeny of learning.

—Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, sister of General Grant
and wife of Professor Cramer, who was for years our
Government's representative at Bern, Switzerland,
has been appointed evangelist for the department of
women among soldiers and sailors for the National W.
C. T. U.

—The qualities of women as librarians are enthu-
siastically commended by Mr. Devey of Columbia Col-
lege. Most of the students of the Columbia School of
Library Economy are women, and of the candidates
for admission between thirty and forty are women and
only two were men, the others having decided finally
not to take the course.

—Mrs. Harriette Mills, the president of the Wash-
ington Bicycle Club, is an enthusiastic believer in the
bicycle as a promoter of health and source of pleas-
ant recreation for women. The club was organized
two months ago, and has now upward of seventy
members. There are half a dozen young girls of fif-
teen, two of number of young women under twenty-
five, and the rest are older, mostly married women.
The club uniform or habit is of dark blue cloth.

—America is asked to unite with England in rais-
ing the funds for the memorial to John Mulock
Crab, in Tewkesbury Abbey. A marble medallion is
proposed, and five dollars has been fixed as the max-
imum of individual subscriptions in this country. J.
W. Harper, of Harper & Bros., will receive subscrip-
tions.

—The Japanese Government has elected Miss Kin
Kato, a graduate of the normal school of Tokyo, to
receive three years' training in the normal school in
Salem, Mass., to fit her to take charge of similar in-
stitutions in her own country. This lady will be the
first educated in America at the expense of the gov-
ernment of Japan.

THE PALACE OF LIES.

An Allegory.

BY CATHERINE S. HOLMES.

THE Palace of Lies had stood for many
years, but from time to time a new archi-
tect would arise and build an addition to it;
and as each one strove not only to enlarge it,
but to alter the character of the whole, it had
become a confused mass of architecture of all
dates and styles.

To the people who dwelt within, it was like
the world. They had gathered together all
that seemed beautiful and desirable from
every land, and believed that in the safe shel-
ter of the Palace walls they might keep their
treasures forever. Among them lived a youth
named Vero, who during his whole life had
never been outside the door. All that lay be-
yond was to him less real than a dream; for
the windows of the Palace were of stained
glass, and if he tried to look through, he saw
only indistinct and shapeless forms. But he
was very happy, and had no wish to leave his
home. Only, when the rush of the wind

sounded through the thick stone walls, his
heart seemed to beat quick as though it
would have him hearken to a call; but when
he looked around and saw nothing but indif-
ference on the faces about him, he smiled at
himself and forgot his fancy.

One day a Pilgrim came to the Palace—a
gray-haired man with a kind, thoughtful face
and shining eyes. He brought a plant with
silvery leaves and a stem of dark-blue bloss-
oms; and Vero took it in his hand and gazed
silently upon it, for though he knew not why,
he could not speak. But one of his friends,
who was much older than he, said angrily to
the Pilgrim:—

"Why have you brought this weed hither?
Our conservatories are full of the rarest and
loveliest flowers which grow, and we have no
desire to look on such a thing as this."

But Vero asked: "Whence came this plant?"

"Just outside the Palace they grow in great
numbers," answered the Pilgrim, who watched
him closely.

"And outside is the desert!" cried the
friend.

"The one flower which blooms in the desert
is fairer than the thousands in your Palace,"
said the Pilgrim.

"It gives me thoughts which I have never
had before," said Vero. "A strange longing
seizes me; I cannot rest."

Then the Pilgrim took him by the hand and
led him to the door. And as they passed out,
the strong, fresh air blew in their faces; and
Vero's heart rejoiced. But when he stepped
upon the ground, a sharp stone cut his foot,
and he stumbled and fell.

"Ah," cried his friend from the doorway,
"the outside world is not what you thought
it. Come back; it is better here."

But the Pilgrim helped him to rise, and
smiled into his face; and though his hands
and feet were bleeding, he called back: "No,
no; it is better to be free!"

They took their way across a sandy waste;
the sun was hot, but the sky was blue, and
the flower of the desert waved its silver-gray
plumes in the joyous wind. Then they came
to a steep mountain which they must climb;
stones rolled down its side and threatened to
dash them to the ground; but still they strug-
gled upward, and still Vero said in his
heart:—

"It is better to be free."

At last they stood upon the mountain's top.
It was cold and bleak; night closed around
them, and it was so dark that Vero could not
even see the Pilgrim, though he stood close
by his side. His heart grew very heavy, and
he shivered and looked down. Far below
glittered the lights of the Palace of Lies, and
a faint sound of laughter and singing floated
up to him.

"Alas!" he cried, "why did I leave the
Palace? What though the world outside is
broader and the air pure, within dwell my
friends, and without are darkness and loneli-
ness!"

But the Pilgrim's voice whispered: "Your
eyes look downward; lift them up."

So he raised his eyes, and lo! the sky was
crowded with stars, and every star rested
upon the brow of an angel; and the angels
touched their harps and sang. The air was
filled with melody; the sounds which rose
from below were drowned in the heavenly
music, and Vero's heart was full of peace.

MUSIC AND ART NOTES.

—Herr Von Bulow will give sixteen concerts in
this country next winter.

—The directors of the Ecole des Beaux Arts,
Paris, have decided that no student who does not
speak French shall be admitted to the school.

—A statue of Gen. Grant by Lorado Taft, of Chi-
cago, is to be erected at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas,
with funds subscribed by army officers and citizens of
Fort Leavenworth and Kansas City. The statue is to
be of bronze.

—A portrait of Robert Burns was discovered
long ago in a junk-shop at Toronto, where it was
purchased for a few dollars. The signature of the Scotch
painter, Raeburn, was found on it, with the date 1787.

—Dudley Buck's cantata, "The Light of Asia,"
was rendered entire for the first time at Newark, N.
J., recently, by the Harmonic Society. The verdict
was highly favorable. The two themes which are
really the key to the work are the "Fate motive," a
short, slow minor strain, typifying the decree of fate
which caused Siddhartha to humble himself for the
sake of man; and the "Consummation motive," a
tender, beautiful major strain, expressing the blessings
flowing from Siddhartha's sacrifice.

—Franklin Simmons, the sculptor who has execut-
ed the statue of Longfellow for Portland, Me., has
arrived in America from Rome. He will be present
at the unveiling of the statue.

—A bill has passed the Senate authorizing the
United States to take part in the approaching art
exhibition at Brussels.

—A new art gallery at New York is called the
Crescent. It is intended to contain a permanent
exhibition of American pictures.

—An exhibition of Durer's prints will be held at
the Boston Museum of Fine Arts next autumn. It
will be in charge of Mr. Koehler.

—The other day, writes a Naples correspondent, at
Genoa, in the presence of the special and royal dele-
gate, Persi, the celebrated violinist of Paganini was
presented the celebrated violin of Nicolo Paganini. The
instrument is in admirable preservation; and the
veteran Italian violinist, Camillo Sivori, after having
tuned it, played several pieces of music, arousing the
admiration of all present. Afterward, Paganini's
violin was deposited in a case covered by a glass
shade.

—Mr. Frederic Crowninshield has executed a large
double window for Memorial Hall at Harvard College
in memory of the graduates who fell in the civil war.
The subject is Hector, Andromache and Astyanax.
Andromache in her pale green hooded drapery with
the naked baby Astyanax on her arm occupies one
upright compartment, and Hector in copper and gold
armor the other. Both figures are seen against a
Greek landscape. The flesh is painted in the three
figures. The composition is of a modern neo-Greek
sort, very suitable to the subject. This is one of the
best examples of Mr. Crowninshield's work in stained
glass.—Magazine of Art.

—The Metropolitan Museum, New York, has re-
ceived as a gift from David H. McAlpin, a picture by
Karl Hubner, "The Poacher's Death," which was for
many years in the old Dusseldorf Gallery in New
York city.

—Paul von Janko's new clavinet, or key-board,
for the piano, which is interesting Leipzig musicians,
is already being introduced in America. It consists
of six smaller key-boards, arranged in a terraced
bank. The black and white keys are all on the same
level and in the same position, made possible by the
degrees proceeding by whole tones—that is, it takes
two key-boards to contain the notes of an ordinary
key-board. The advantages are that, when so ar-
ranged, the stretches are shortened, and that one fin-

gering applies to all keys; also in the six key-boards
the same note may be struck in three different places,
making combinations possible that have not hitherto
been feasible.

OUR MUSICAL INSECTS.

In the July *Chautauquan*, Mary Treat writes
entertainingly about musical insects. Our readers
cannot fail to be interested in the following graphic
account of the "doings" of a group of katydids.

The Katydid must not be passed by, as he
is a general favorite, and the only one among the
musicians that articulates distinctly. The musical
apparatus is situated in each of the wing-covers
where they overlap, and by rubbing them briskly
together he can call Katy and make her hear when she is a long distance
away. They are among our largest insects, some
specimens measuring from the head to the end of
the wings nearly two inches in length. They are green
in color and somewhat exclusive and high-minded. During
the day they remain quietly seated on their leafy
throne among the foliage of the trees, their small
body making them quite inconspicuous, so that their
personal appearance is less familiarly known than their
voice. They are interesting and amusing studies if one
happens to be in the mood to listen to the musical
creatures in late summer or early autumn.

In the twilight of an evening in last August
my attention was drawn to quite an unusual
syllabic sound—ka, ka, kat, ka. The repetition
was sharp and incisive, indicating that the
musicians were young and full of life, and why they
did not complete the sentence—Katy did, Katy did
it—aroused my curiosity sufficiently to incite an investigation of
the matter. Stepping out on the veranda soon
found Miss Katy on a vine which ran over the
piazza, surrounded by a group of gallants.
Whether she was a sad flirt and had brought the
infliction upon herself or so many callers, or whether
it was her own inherent loveliness and beauty that
attracted so many admirers, I do not know. I was not
for the moment to know. I could see only the result
of some law or Katydid etiquette which was
inexplicable to me.

There were five of these young suitors look-
ing precisely alike, and so far as I could see no
preference was shown to one or another. But every
little while one and then another of the number
would politely salute her by bringing forward his
antennae and gently waving it over her; then would
come the sharp chirping of voices—ka, ka, kat, ka—
all talking at once, and when the suitor would sub-
side and replace his antennae over his back and fall into
rank with the others.

Happening to know that another female
was not far away, I secured her and placed her
near this group, thinking thereby to divide their
attention. I put her below them, knowing her
tendency would be to walk upward rather than
downward. She no sooner reached the party than the
first Miss Katy began to rise up until she stood on
the very tips of her toes, looking like a young giantess,
and all the while waving her antennae as if to dis-
miss her, while the sharp click of the males resounded
on every side as if assuring her of their entire
devotion, and that they would not be swayed
from their loyalty by this unbidden guest. She did
not tarry long, however, but walked away without a
single follower, and only one of the gallants saluted
her as she passed, and touched her with his antennae.

The mode of communication among all in-
sects is with these organs, and for aught we know
their language may be as perfect with them as ours
is with us. And any one who is surrounded with trees
on a hot, sultry night in August, when it seems as if
the whole insect world were vying with one another to
see which can make the loudest noise—rival
katydids declaring from treetops that "Katy did it,
Katy did it, she did," and tree, and grass, and field
crickets shrilling their loudest serenade—will not deny
their musical powers.

The Little Folks.

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

(Continued from page 1.)

his mission ship which is lying in the London docks ready to make her twenty-fourth voyage to Greenland, carrying laborers and supplies.

But it would take me an hour to go through the list of men and missionaries who attract our attention. That tall, flaxen-haired speaker whose struggling in almost unintelligible English to tell of the work of God in Algeria, is a Swede; that rough, shaggy-bearded man who looks like one of the old Scandinavian vikings, is a Dane, and the very difficulty which he finds in speaking the English language makes him all the more eloquent as he pours out the glowing story of the triumphs of the Gospel in Madagascar; that negro is from the West Indies, and represents the English Baptist Society, who by their earnest works have turned the island of Jamaica into a Christian community. The truth is, that to the lover of missions there is an embarrassment of riches. There are three meetings going on at the same hour in Exeter Hall, as though we were occupying Tremont Temple, the Melonian, and the vestry simultaneously, and the cheers and amens are echoing from one room to the other.

To determine which meeting you will select, is the great difficulty. The meeting in the large hall is very full one evening, and so we drop into the little room where the subject is "Missions in South Africa." Did we ever hear the like? First an English officer gives the account of what he saw of God's wonderful working in that field. Next is a Frenchman, who represents Protestant society in Paris. With his Franco-English dialect, animated with intense evangelical fervor, he is eloquent, and calls out round after round of applause. Then comes a Dutchman, missionary of the Rhenish Society; and then a Scotchman, representing the Presbyterians, each struggling with all his might and with a different brogue of English to declare the wonder-working of God in that dark land. And the effect was such that the hearers laughed and cried alternately, clapped their hands and wiped their eyes, and all agreed that they had never heard it on this side before. In fact, I believe that the best-informed student of missions has to confess that the hundredth part was never told of the triumphs of the Gospel in these various fields.

The great continents are worthily represented. China with its millions has many able men to present its claims. That man of little stature and humble bearing, who is now pleading in such earnest tones for greater outlay and effort on behalf of the Celestial Empire, is J. Hudson Taylor. He is a living illustration of what one man may accomplish, depending solely on God. He has no missionary board behind him, no funds of a regular constituency on which to draw. And yet he has sent out a hundred missionaries during the last year, and almost that number in years previous. None of our large societies with all their resources and machinery have approached this. We have heard much of this man's faith and power in prayer, and it is good to see him. H. Grattan Guinness, who has taken the world for his field, and has educated and sent out several hundred young men to the foreign field, is telling in earnest tones of the needs of Africa. It seemed when we listened to those who spoke of its southern part the evening before, as though the Gospel had almost triumphed there. But in earnest and pathetic tones Mr. Guinness is showing from the map how many thousands of square miles there are, and how many millions of souls without a single missionary. Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, an eminent name among the Scotch Presbyterians, pleads in strong terms the needs of India, and three or four Scotch, English, and American missionaries tell of the remarkable progress of the Gospel in Japan.

Who will speak for our own great work, nay, of God's great work done for us in Burma and India? It is announced that Mr. Armstrong and his wife will speak for these fields. The good missionary announces that he has come all the way from India to attend this Conference, the native Christians having sent him, paying the entire expense of the trip. That is the first instance of the kind, and it calls out hearty cheers. The cheers increase as he details the wonderful story of the Telegu revival. You would think the whole vast assembly were Baptists to hear the shouts of joy and the earnest clapping of hands as he describes minutely the scene of the immersing of the nearly three thousand candidates in the river in one day, and pronounced the event a pretty satisfactory commentary on a certain chapter of the Acts. Mr. Armstrong followed with a clear and concise statement of the work of God among the Karens, and no narrations of missionary triumphs have been received with more enthusiasm than these two. But the story of these recitals will fill a volume, and we cannot presume to crowd it into a single letter.

The meetings have been really of three kinds—narrative, deliberative and popular. Each evening great popular meetings in the main hall for stirring up enthusiasm; and in other parts of the day smaller meetings for discussing methods. In these latter, some very difficult and delicate questions have been handled; but the utmost harmony and good feeling have prevailed. The discussion on missionary comity especially brought out considerable sharp complaint of laborers trenching on each other's fields; but as all came in for their share of blame, Churchmen, Presbyterians, Wesleyans and Baptists, none had very much occasion to glory over his neighbor. It has been very greatly to our advantage that the

strong, clear voice of our wise secretary, Dr. Murdock, has been heard in these debates, courteous and firm in all points touching our own denominational interests.

It has been a wonderful meeting, and to have witnessed it and participated in it I count the greatest privilege of my life.

We have been deeply impressed with the largeness of English hospitality. Here it seems to be the highest in rank and wealth who make themselves most truly the servants of all. Lord Aberdeen, the chairman of the Conference, invited the whole delegation to his country residence seven miles out of the city. There we all had the privilege of being introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Lord Radstock, a noble in title, but a most humble and earnest Christian and a lay evangelist, Lord Kinnaird and his family, and Lady Beauchamp have been among the most laborious in caring for the delegates. And let it not be supposed that their service is a matter of form merely; for whoever might be missed at our early prayer-meetings, these would be sure to be there and on their knees in earnest supplication. It may be a good lesson for our American nobility to learn, when I relate that being at the mansion of Lord Kinnaird one day, I found that he had as his guest a colored Baptist minister from the United States, whom he was entertaining during the convention. But I only speak of the nobility for the lesson to be thus learned. As a matter of fact, men and women of all ranks and of every Protestant denomination, have entered into this convention with all their hearts and with all their hands and with all their pockets; and the large outlay and the immense labor necessary to carry it through have been most freely bestowed.

London, June 9, 1888.

The Week.

AT HOME.

— Cincinnati celebrated the Fourth by opening its great centennial exposition.

— Gen. Harrison was notified of his nomination for President of the United States, by the committee appointed by the late national Republican Convention.

— Thirty persons were injured by a collision on the Pennsylvania Road.

— The Francis Scott Key monument, the gift of James Lick, was unveiled in San Francisco, Cal., July 4. The statue is of bronze, executed in Rome.

— The number of the drowned in the recent floods in Mexico is placed at 700.

— The Chautauque College was formally opened by Bishop Vincent, at Chautauque, N. Y.

— The usual celebration was held at Woodstock, on the Fourth, speeches being made by Senators Frye and Platt, Professor Goldin in Smith, Senator Palmer and others.

— A Cornell student in attendance at Mr. Moody's Bible school at Northfield, was drowned in the Connecticut River.

— The illumination of Mount Hood on the evening of the Fourth was a success. The illumination was distinctly seen on the summit, and continued to burn brightly for a space of over two and one-half minutes.

— Six persons were badly injured and several buildings wrecked by a boiler explosion in a tannery at Albany City, Pa.

— The failure of Seligman, May & Co., dealers in bonds, New York, is reported, with liabilities estimated at \$500,000.

— At Watervale, Miss., a grand stand collapsed, burying in its ruins about four hundred people. Many were wounded.

— The village of Glade Run, Pa., was destroyed by fire. Hundreds of people left homeless.

— The Jewish residents of Boston have formed an association, the object of which is to cause a deeper interest to be taken by the Hebrew residents in its public and political life.

— Eight thousand letter carriers paraded in New York to celebrate the eight-hour-law victory.

— The towns of St. Albans, Vt., and Henniker, N. H., celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of their settlement.

— The anniversary of the Wyoming (Pa.) massacre was celebrated at the monument in Wyoming by the Commemorative Association.

— A serious fire occurred in the Century magazine building, New York.

— The services of the Christian Endeavor convention at Chicago were largely attended. Over 200 members of the Society went from Boston and vicinity.

— The United States Express Company has bought out the International Express Company.

— The Reading (Pa.) Hardware Works, one of the largest establishments of the kind in the country, has been burned. About 400 men are thrown out of work.

— A conductor and two trainmen were blown from a train and fatally hurt during a cyclone at Dayton, N. J.

— Col. C. C. Nelson, president of the North Side Bank of Atlanta, has absconded, taking with him all the money and collateral deposited in the bank.

— The scenes at the Gettysburg reunion were unusually interesting. Several monuments were dedicated, the corner-stone of the Memorial Church was laid, and the reunion of the Blue and the Gray followed, with speeches by Gen. Sickles, Gen. Gordon, Gov. Beaver and others.

— General Sheridan is in his cottage at Nonquitt, having made the journey from Washington without experiencing any ill effects.

— At Lake Winnepesaukee a horse and carriage containing two ladies and four children backed into the lake. Two children were drowned.

— Four persons perished in a burning building last week near Saint Ste. Marie, Mich.

— The Academy of Music building at Haverhill, Mass., was burned; loss, \$50,000.

— Great damage to property was

done in Minnesota and Dakota by a severe storm, the wind blowing a hurricane.

CONGRESSIONAL.

— Several pension veto messages were received in the Senate. Mr. Plumb asked for an appropriation of \$10,000 for a public drinking fountain. The River and Harbor bill was passed, and the consideration of the fisheries treaty was postponed until next Tuesday. July 5 the Senate adjourned till Monday.

— In the House a discussion was held on the bill for the settlement of the claims of Florida. Mr. Holman spoke on the land for future bill, and several amendments were reported. The committee's substitute was adopted, but there was no quorum, and the bill went over as unfinished business. Mr. Anderson introduced a bill providing for the control and regulation of railroads. By a vote of 177 to 8, the land forfeiture bill was passed, and several sections of the Mills bill were passed over. A long debate was held on Mr. Cannon's sugar amendment to the Mills bill. Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky made a speech from the Democratic standpoint.

ABROAD.

— An expedition is being formed in Berlin for the relief of Emin Bey.

— The libel suit of Mr. O'Donnell against the London Times resulted in a verdict for the paper.

— During an unusually thick fog off Gibraltar three British steamers went ashore.

— A severe shock of earthquake was experienced in the neighborhood of Baracoa, Cuba. The damage done to property was considerable.

— The Pan Presbyterian Council has opened in London, Lord Cairns presiding.

— The British barque "Bertha Anderson," Captain Thomson, from New York, May 17, has been destroyed by fire at Martineque.

— Forest fires are raging on the line of the Canadian & Atlantic Railway between Montreal and Ottawa.

— Eviction notices have been served on thirty tenants on the Vandeleur estate in County Clare, Ireland.

— Counterfeiter Charles Johnson has been arrested in Toronto.

— The Journal of St. Petersburg says that the disorders at Seoul in Korea, have caused reports that foreign cannibals had abducted native children. Order has been restored.

— The "white pasha," seen in the region of Bagdad, is said to be Dr. Emin Pasha, and not Stanley.

— The steamer "Durham City," from Hamburg for Boston, collided with the steamer "Gellert," from Hamburg for New York. Both vessels were damaged above the water line.

— July 2 was observed as a general holiday in the Dominion, in being the twenty-first anniversary of the confederation of the Canadian provinces.

— The Municipal Council of Paris has granted \$13,500 for the erection of a pedestal on the Grenelle Bridge for the statue of Liberty presented to the city by Mr. Morton, ex-United States Minister, on behalf of the American colony.

— Bishop Latteche, of Three Rivers diocese, Ontario, Canada, has signed a decree ordering the expulsion of Jesuits from that diocese, on the ground that they have unduly influenced Catholics to change their wills on their death-bed, in favor of the Jesuits.

— There was a \$750,000 fire in Athens, Greece, on Sunday.

— A squadron of four cruisers and fourteen torpedo boats will accompany Emperor William on his Russian trip.

— An Orange procession at Manchester was attacked by Catholics and a serious melee ensued.

THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from page 5.)

Evening Bro. Prescott preached from 2 Cor. 4: 17.

After the prayer service on Wednesday and some matters of business, Bro. Eldridge, of Cutler, read one of his sweet, helpful essays on "The Excellency of the Gospel." Bro. McGraw read a carefully written paper on "How can Every Minister Become a Revivalist?" Bro. Prescott followed with "Helps to a Revival." The subject of "A Conference Evangelist" was discussed by the Association. All spoke of the great need in this field of some such helper—a helper that might come to our churches with official sanction, do his work, and go away without taking all the good results with him.

Wednesday afternoon the sermon by Bro. McGraw, of East Machias, from Luke 23: 42, was followed by the Lord's Supper, of which more than forty partook. The session closed on Wednesday evening with a sermon by D. B. Dow, of Millbridge, on John 3: 16, 17. At the close of the service one person asked for prayers.

The Association wishes to most heartily thank the pastor and people for their kindness. The brethren went home saying it was one of the best Associations they ever had.

D. B. Dow, Sec.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

Concord District.

Lisbon.—Several months ago, the Methodist Episcopal Church and society of Lisbon commenced, under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. D. J. Smith, now at Franklin Falls, the work of repairing and refitting the church edifice. With much patience, Christian urbanity and wisdom on the part of the pastor, and with much generosity, surprise and gratitude on the part of all concerned, the consummation was reached Tuesday afternoon and evening, June 26, when the church was re-opened and re-dedicated free from all indebtedness.

The entire expense was about \$5,000, which included an excellent four-faced Howard town-clock, put into the tower by the citizens, the price of which was \$500. The edifice has been moved forward some forty feet from the railroad at its rear; it has been raised up and in the basement a vestry and a complete suite of rooms for the Sabbath-school and other religious and social gatherings have been finished and furnished; and two good-sized furnaces have been put in for heating. The main audience-room, which will seat about four hundred, has been made

pleasant and attractive by new cushions for the pews, a new carpet, frescoed walls and ceiling, and the removal of the orchestra to the large platform, the front part of which is occupied by the pulpit. There is a good supply of fresh cold water, also, in the basement. Considerable grading has been done, and the wide walk leading from the street to the church has been concreted; some finishing touches in the way of curbing, etc., are still to be done, the expense being all provided for. This church is now one of the best furnished and most convenient and attractive in northern New Hampshire and the Concord District.

At the appointed hour, notwithstanding the abundant rain, a good-sized congregation assembled. The programme of exercises was freely distributed. An anthem entitled, "Bow Thy Heavens, O Lord, and Come Down," the music of which was composed by the veteran chorister, Mr. C. J. Kelsea, was fittingly rendered by a choir of twenty-one singers and players. Rev. J. M. Bell, pastor of the Congregational Church, read selected passages of Scripture. Prayer, touching and comprehensive, was offered by Rev. D. J. Smith. Then came the sermon, full of the marrow of the Gospel, by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D., of Boston, from Luke 4: 18, 19. This held the rapt attention of the people for forty-five minutes. Rev. D. J. Smith then rendered the financial statement, in which he related interesting incidents and gave credit to various individuals for their generous aid, among whom was Mr. N. P. Coburn, of Boston, a native of Lisbon, who through the influence of his uncle, Mr. Joseph Parker, had given the sum of \$500. It appeared that there were over \$1,300 still to be provided for. Dr. Hamilton, in his skillful and pleasant way, then went to work with the people to raise the needed sum. About a thousand dollars were pledged before the close of the afternoon service.

The services of the evening were conducted in the opening portion by the preacher of the occasion, Rev. M. A. Richards, D. D., of Lawrence, Mass., who delivered a strong and eloquent sermon from 1 John 1: 1-4. The singing, as in the afternoon, was excellent. The congregation was large and attentive. The balance of the debt was soon pleasantly disposed of, and Dr. Hamilton and all were very happy. The dedication followed, under the direction of the Doctor, aided by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Felt, Rev. D. J. Smith, and several preachers of adjoining churches, and the trustees. The choir, the mission band, the Sabbath-school, the Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. Gratia Morse, and many other persons, including some of the boys and girls, had come grandly to the work, and it is believed that with the blessing of God a bright future lies before the Methodist society of Lisbon. Brother Felt and family have been cordially received, and as hitherto, may be relied on for good and heroic service in the cause of the Master. J. H. H.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society met at Montpelier, June 20. The following list of officers were appointed: President, Mrs. T. P. Frost; vice-president, Mrs. H. A. Spencer; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. O. Sherrburn; recording secretary, Mrs. A. B. Trux; treasurer, Mrs. C. H. Farnsworth. District officers—Montpelier District: vice-president, Mrs. E. H. Cox; district secretary, Mrs. W. A. Evans; organizer, Mrs. C. H. Farnsworth. St. Johnsbury District: vice-president, Mrs. P. N. Granger; district secretary, Mrs. D. Etta J. Powers; organizers, Mrs. J. H. Wallace, Mrs. C. Wedgeworth. St. Albans District: vice-president, Mrs. D. H. Plaisted; district secretary, Mrs. J. E. Bowen, Mrs. A. B. Enright. Springfield District: vice-president, Mrs. R. L. Bruce; district secretary, Mrs. C. H. Walter; organizer, Mrs. W. A. Smithers. Delegate to annual meeting at Boston in October, Mrs. T. P. Frost; alternate, Mrs. L. H. Cobb.

Montpelier District.

On Children's day Bro. F. W. Hamblin received three persons into full membership at Williamstown. The services of the day were specially profitable, and a good collection was taken for education.

An excellent quarterly meeting was recently held at Moretown. Bro. W. H. Dean is in the third year of his pastorate, and a precious work of grace has been in progress for some time. Two persons were baptized at the quarterly meeting, and five were taken on probation.

Stone has so "renewed its youth" that the promise of a long life is better than for many years. At the last quarterly meeting eleven persons were baptized, and five received into full membership. The church and parsonage property has been repaired, greatly adding to their good appearance and comfort. Bro. W. E. Douglas has captured all hearts, and has done an excellent work for the Master.

The District Ministerial Association was held at Stone a few days ago, was well attended, and awakened unusual interest in the town. Most of the brethren assigned to work were on hand; but a few, after definite pledges to be present, were absent without explanation. How lightly the obligation of a promise seems to lie on some consciences! The next district preachers' meeting is to be held at Williamstown some time in the early autumn.

The exercises of Commencement week brought a larger number than ever to Seminary Hill, Montpelier. A most prosperous year has just closed. All departments have been well sustained, while the art and music departments have taken a decidedly advance position. Our music department, in its thorough

instruction and complete equipment, including organs, pianos and pipe organ, is better than any school affords this side of Boston; and the instruction and work in the studio are as good as the best. The graduating class numbered thirteen—one in the collegiate course, two in the Latin scientific, six in the college preparatory, and four in the modern. Eleven of the class took honors—two, first honor, requiring an average of 96 through all the course; and nine, second honor, requiring an average of 91. This is an indication of the fidelity of the students in improving their opportunities. Some further improvements are in contemplation—among them the electric light. The buildings and rooms are all to be furnished with electric lights next year. The arc lights will be put in the halls, and the incandescents in the dormitories. This will be a great improvement, and ought to secure a larger patronage. This is the first school in the State to be lighted by electricity.

Mrs. Roxana Gould, of Montpelier, familiarly known as "Aunt Roxy," passed to her rest June 22. She was an exemplary member of the church for seventy years, and was always interested in its welfare. She was especially the friend of the ministers, and this includes all who have been in that pastorate since the organization of Methodist in that town, as well as all others with whom she came in contact.

Bro. J. A. Sherrburn and wife, of Chelsea, are back from their Western trip in good health, and ready for vigorous work.

The quarterly meeting just held at Groton was unusually interesting. The presiding elder, Bro. A. B. Trux, preached able sermons to large audiences, and the pastor, Bro. H. A. Bushnell, baptized two persons and received thirteen to full membership. The children's day exercises were a success. Interest is increasing all along the lines of church work. Some unforeseen circumstances have delayed the new church enterprise; but arrangements are being made to push it rapidly another spring.

Hon. I. N. Hall celebrated his eightieth birthday recently. He does not seem more than sixty, and is interested and active in everything pertaining to the welfare of the church.

Prof. E. A. Bishop will spend part of his vacation in visiting the charges in the interests of the Seminary. He would be glad if every pastor in the Conference would prepare a list of young persons whom he could visit, or with whom he could correspond in regard to going to school. H. A. S.

St. Johnsbury District.

The executive committee of the Camp-meeting Association has decided to hold the Lyndonville meeting, August 20-25.

The usual grove-meeting under the direction of the Caledonia County Young Men's Temperance Association occurred at Lyndonville, July 4. Rev. A. L. Cooper, of Island Pond, and Rev. J. E. Farrow, of East Burke, were the morning speakers, and Rev. R. J. Christie, of Sheffield, and Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Claremont, N. H., took the platform in the afternoon. It is unnecessary to state that the people who went expecting a treat were not disappointed. Rev. C. P. Taplin had charge of the music, and made the grove melodious with rousing temperance songs well rendered by a fine chorus.

The first Sunday in July was a notable day to the Irasburgh and Coventry charge. At 9:30 A. M. two persons were baptized by immersion at Irasburgh. A class-meeting was held in the vestry, followed by the morning service at 10:30, at which six more were baptized and twenty-five received into the church in full—twenty-two from probation and three by letter. At the close of this service the pastor administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants. He then drove to Coventry for service at 1:15 P. M., receiving three persons from probation, and again administering the sacrament. A drive of four miles from that point took him to a school-house for a preaching service where two persons sought the Lord. Another drive of ten miles brought him back for the evening prayer-meeting at Irasburgh, in which the power of the Spirit was manifest. There was great joy in that meeting. How could it have been otherwise? F.

Springfield District.

A great sorrow has fallen upon Rev. J. S. Little and family in the unexpected death of his oldest daughter, Mrs. Abbie A. McAllister, who died suddenly at her home in Campbell, Minn., the 26th ult., at the age of 31 years, leaving two children. May abounding grace sustain the survivors in this very sad bereavement, bringing a healing balm to their wounded spirits!

The HERALD, under its new editorial management, is giving great satisfaction to its readers in these parts. Enthusiastic commendations are received from both pastors and people. Deserving, it should receive a largely increased patronage. A thousand new subscribers should be obtained in Vermont for the remaining months of the year. M.

When any gentleman desires a suit of clothes made from the best imported cloths, he should be sure and call at Messrs. C. A. Smith & Co., 18 and 20 School Street. The tables of their large and attractive store are always loaded with a choice variety of cloths, which they cut and make to order.

The Sanford's Perfect Heel Protectors cost 10 cents a pair, and are worth \$1 in repairs alone, to say nothing of the comfort of a full square heel.

A winter in Southern Europe, as planned and managed by Dr. Tourje, must be an ideal trip, where, added to the pleasure and profit of leisurely traveling in a climate more genial than that of the finest winter resorts in America, is the delight of looking upon the marvellous works of art and the beautiful scenery which that country possesses. The circular

which in its description of the countries visited reads like a book of travels, should be in the hands of every one. The winter abroad costs less than a trip of equal extent in this country, and under this management becomes the very perfection of winter travel. Arrangements have been perfected for an extensive tour in Egypt and the Holy Land.

The New England coast offers almost an endless variety of attractive places of resort. If the tourist is seeking the cool breezes of the ocean for health or pleasure, he cannot fail to find plenty of places suited to his wants. In looking over some of the lines of railroads out of Boston, we were more than ever impressed with the marked advantages which the Old Colony Railroad affords to all who wish for summer homes near the salt water. This road with its branches reaches almost the entire coast line of southeastern Massachusetts with its beautiful bays, harbors, headlands and islands.

Through the acquisition of the Nantasket Beach, and the Boston & Providence Railroad, by the Old Colony, the finest of the South Shore and Narragansett Bay resorts are brought within the Old Colony system. Let all who are thinking about a "home by the sea" scan the long list of attractive points, to which tickets at reduced rates can be purchased as indicated by advertisement in another column.

1888 SUMMER DAYS 1888 ON THE OLD COLONY.

Plymouth, "South Shore," Cape Cod, Newport, "The Gem of Watering Places," and the Islands of MARTHA'S VINEYARD AND NANTUCKET.

Reached Only via the Old Colony Railroad.

The section reached by this road embraces the entire shore and coast lines of southeastern Massachusetts, with their unrivaled bays, harbors, headlands and islands, the far-famed Newport, and through the connecting steamboat service under the same management, Cottage City (Oak Bluffs), Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

Round-Trip Rates from Boston Good going and returning until Oct. 31, are on sale at the city ticket office of the company, No. 3 Old State House, and at the Old Colony station.

Bar Harbor, \$2.50 North Truro, \$1.25 Boston, \$2.00 Oak Bluffs, \$2.00 Bourne, \$2.00 Nantucket, \$2.00 Brewster, \$2.00 Orleans, \$2.00 Buzzards Bay, \$2.00 Plymouth, \$2.00 Cape Cod, \$2.00 Provincetown, \$2.00 Martha's Vineyard, \$2.00 Nantucket, \$2.00

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